National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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The Southern Press.

REMARKS OF MR. WINSTON,

ON THE BILL TO PROHIBIT THE INTRODUCTION OF NEGROES INTO THIS STATE FOR SALE OR HIRE.

MR. SPEAKER: I introduced a bill on this subject early in this session, from a deliberate conviction of the necessity of such a law, and in accordance with my promise before the people of Sumter last summer on the stump; and this is about the only matter in which my opponent and myself did not differ.

I had hoped that we should have gone into the consideration of this subject with the deliberation of statesmen, and that a question of so much moment to the country should be decided on its merits: but strange as it may seem to one unacquainted with the course of things here, the Senator from Tuscaloosa (Mr. Jemirson) has seen proper to attempt to give this question a party character, and to make it the occasion of assailing the party to which I belong, and to taunt us who were contending for the rights of the South in regard to the territories, for the support some of us give this bill. Has the Senator seen or heard any thing in the recent political occurrences lately taking place around us, to arouse his party animosity to such a degree, that a matter purely of State policy cannot be considered without being the occasion for assailing the party he has professed to consider so weak? The reorganization of the Democracy has unsettled that gentleman's nerves and judgement. The Southern Rights party and the reunited Democracy must have disturbed his slumbers, or he never could have seen any connection between this proposition on the part of a Sovereign State, controlling its domestic policy, over a subject of which it has entire jurisdiction, and unwarrantable interference on the part of the general government, over which it has no control. Such a conclusion as he draws leads inevitably to consolidation. He says we wish to apply the Wilmot proviso to Alabama. To him, once a State Rights man, I have only to say,

"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us"
To see ourselves as others see us!
It wad fra monie a blounder free us
"————an' foolish notion."

It affords me much satisfaction to be able to inform the Senator, that the Democracy are united, and can say to the legions of Federalism, Consolidation, Whiggery and Unionism, come one, come all, "This rock shall fly from its firm base as soon as" we, as we will teach him and his new allies in the coming Summer. I regret, sir, that it was necessary to follow that gentleman into this digression from the subject, but we stand ready to defend ourselves from assaults from any quarter they may come.

Let us return to the subject before the Senate. I hold it to be the true policy of the Senate to prohibit, by severe penalties, the introduction of more Negroes into the State for traffic. All the increased capital of the State is sent out of it to buy more Negroes to wear out more of the land in the State, and to cause an overproduction of our great staple, cotton; in all of which cases the prosperity of the State is injured.

All future outlet for excess of negro population will soon be closed against us. The census and other statistical information warn us of the rapid increase of the black population in the South. In Alabama we have already three hundred and fifty thousand blacks—too great to our white population. The true statesman would say it is our duty and interest to diversify our pursuit into every branch of productive industry; and to so legislate that all the future increase of capital should be invested in internal improvements, in mining and manufactories. Then would we see our State take her place by the most prosperous in the Union. But so long as the ruinous system of negro buying and land destroying course prevails, we will never prosper.

It has been argued that this bill would benefit the rich at the expense of the poor, by enhancing the value of this character of property. I deny any such conclusion. The natural increase of negroes, the sale of estates and by Sheriffs will always afford any one who wishes to buy negroes an opportunity of doing so. The main objection to the bill seems to be that it may and will have a bad influence on the border slave States, and if you shut them out from a market they may become free States and join in the crusade against us. I hold just the reverse to be true. Compel them to keep their slaves at home and they will seek out new channels of profitable employment, they will go into iron works and into other kinds of manufactory labour, which will make all we buy come cheaper to to us, and instead of being sent South to glut our markets with cotton, they will go into cotton factories and so increase the consumption of our great export. There is no sort of danger of any of the border States emancipating any great number of slaves but when they may all be sold to us of the South, they will of course feel less interest in the matter. If the evil day of emancipation must come, let it come in part at their expense, and not exclusively at ours. But the emancipation of any great number of slaves to remain in the country, with a different and a superior race, is a moral and political impossibility; yet it becomes us to strengthen ourselves by keeping the border States as much interested in the institution as possible. Then whatever affects our interest will affect them in the same degree. When the time shall come when it shall be necessary to find an outlet for the excess of this population we will have them to aid us in its procurement. Many slave States have already provided against this evil by passing laws similar to the one now before us, and if we do not pursue the same course all the slaves of bad character will be in upon us, and we will be the great slave mart of the South.

It is but the part of prudence to see this danger afar off and to provide for it; yet it appears as if we were actually afraid to touch or consider this matter or to take any action in regard to it. I have endeavoured to consider it free from any party or political connection and to present it as a matter of State municipal regulation, which will sooner or later have to be adopted, or we will be so overrun with this character of population that none other can live in the State, with any degree of security or satisfaction. I regret the evident indisposition of the Senate to give the measure its mature consideration, and can only console myself with having performed my duty in the introduction and support of the bill.—(*Camden Ala.*) *Southern Republic.*

LAWS CONCERNING COLOURED SEAMEN.

THE British authorities are not at all disposed to let drop the controversy with the State of South Carolina, on the subject of her law for arresting and confining coloured seamen who arrive there in British ships. All the papers relating to the action of the recent Legislature, and the correspondence between the British Consul and the Governor of the State have been printed in a pamphlet form, by the British Consul. In one of his letters it is distinctly intimated that the British Government will see in the issue of this last attempt to obtain a modification of the law from South Carolina herself, the end of all expectations of redress from what she conceives to be a grievance, and must resort to ulterior measures. These ulterior measures are by federal or legal appeal, to test the constitutionality of the law, with a reliance upon the Government of the United States "to carry out, with the universal support of the country, the stipulations of their treaties with foreign nations in their integrity, and to enforce equally in all ports of the country, the laws and constitution of the land." Another alternative is suggested, that of "retaliatory" measures to be taken by Great Britain against the particular ports in which these regulations exist. From the tone of Mr. Mathew's letter, it is evident that he thinks his government will not suffer the question to rest long without pursuing the subject to a decided issue.

The right of the slaveholding States to make regulations prohibiting the residence among them of free blacks coming from any quarter, as justly objects of suspicion, and dangerous to their internal tranquility, is one that will not be relinquished. Whenever the question has been raised, they have been unanimous in asserting it as a municipal right, which no power out of their own borders can be permitted to control. In most cases where these laws exist, they have grown out of a necessity, demonstrated by some incendiary movement prompted by external interference with the slave population. They have been maintained steadily, whenever assailed, against all opposition, and in view of all the irritations and interruptions which they throw in the way of the commerce of the Southern ports. Supported indiscriminately against intruders from slave as well as free States at home, and from all other American States as well as foreigners, and by voluntary obstructions upon profitable commerce, the laws must be considered as founded in a principle of self-preservation, and not in any spirit of enmity to a particular State or people. They are an integral part of the domestic policy of the slaveholding States of the Union which they never meant to resign, and which it is essential for their power of self-defence they should retain, although it may not be necessary to put it into exercise at all times, and it may be expedient to exercise at any, as seldom and as lightly as possible, consistent with the full accomplishment of the object of excluding incendiary associations from the servile population.

The British Government, if Mr. Mathew is their faithful exponent, does not appear actuated by a hostile spirit, or to desire to foster the mischiefs against which the Southern States are determined to guard by this sort of legislation. The international difficulty is not slight under the most favourable aspects of the case, if the points be pressed unyieldingly. But, if we understand Mr. Matthew, Great Britain does not ask peremptorily for the repeal of these laws, but that "every endeavour should be made, every mode cheerfully tried, to carry out the laws in their spirit in the way the least offensive or detrimental to others." Among other plans suggested by citizens of the State friendly to the present enactments, Mr. Matthew approves of one, which would not impair their efficiency, by which coloured seamen shall be restricted to their vessels, except when engaged in loading or unloading, under a police passport, on the wharves. Such a concession, or one of the same nature, which keeps the coloured seaman under the control and supervision of the police, for a specific duty connected with business of the vessel, might satisfy all the requirements of State policy, waive none of the State claims, and yet avoid an angry and unnecessary conflict either with the Federal Government or the British Government, or between the last two.

The least evil which could arise out of the conflict would be the abolition of the existing commercial convention, of 1815, with Great Britain; one of the clauses of which constitutes the reciprocity of commercial intercourse upon which Great Britain insists. That convention was originally for four years; subsequently, in 1818, it was extended for ten years longer; and again, in 1828, extended indefinitely, with the privilege to either party of annulling and abrogating it any time on giving twelve months' notice. As the controversy now stands, the United States would be constrained to give this notice rather than undertake to enforce the abolition of all these police regulations in Southern ports; an attempt which, either way, would produce a great domestic convulsion; for Great Britain would resort to the same or equivalent measures. If this system of hostile measures can be avoided without endangering the substantial objects which the South has in view, or exacting a concession of principles, there is no good reason why the attempt should not be made in good faith. There will be no sacrifice of pride, of principles, or of dignity; but rather a liberal attempt to lessen the hardships upon others of the inflexible maintenance of internal State policy.

This foreign aspect of the controversy is different in principle from that of the domestic difficulty in regard to the same laws. The British complain of a violation of specific treaty regulations; if the complaint be well founded, they are stipulations which may be annulled, because inconsistent with the internal policy of this country, or because they are such as the United States ought not to have made. But the Northern complainants claim that there is a constitutional right involved, which is not so easily disposed of by common assent; that free negroes can be made citizens of the United States, and thus forced upon the slaveholding States, in opposition to their settled domestic policy, and in hostility to their most essential interests. This point, however angrily contested, is receiving its solution by the acts of the non-slaveholding States themselves, in confirmation of the view that free negroes are not citizens in any sense of the constitution of the United States. The legislation of several of the free States has already assumed the principle that Africans, of every hue, are incapable of being citizens, and may be excluded or expelled from any State at its discretion. On this principle, which is becoming universally recognised, the Southern ordinances of exclusion are unquestionably constitutional, and they can also be defended, as indispensable police regulations against the blacks, even if they were citizens. The practice of the North is vindicating the lawfulness of the legislation of the South; still, it is humane and courteous to exercise such rights in a manner to operate with the least possible oppression upon the commercial interests of States desiring intercourse with Southern ports; and in regard to the foreign trade, particularly, it seems to us only politic, in view of our own interests, to lessen these embarrassments as much as is consistent with the maintenance of the duty of self-protection.—*N. O. Picayune.*

OUR FREE NEGROES.

WE see, in looking over our list of newspapers, that a proposition has recently been introduced in the Legislature of Virginia, now in session, to remove out of that State, all the free negroes within her borders, and to domiciliate them elsewhere beyond the confines of our Republic. We heartily subscribe to this proposition and would rejoice to see our beloved Carolina making a move of the same sort in reference to her free negroes. They should remove from our borders, and a home provided for them in another land; for, of all the classes and casts in society among us, no single class of our population, in our opinion, militates so essentially against the best interests of our slaves as the free negroes. The very condition and the circumstances that surround the free negro are in direct hostility and diametrically opposed to the institution of Slavery. The presence of the free negro in the midst of our slaves, even if he should not attempt to sow broadcast the seeds of disaffection in the slave towards the master, will of itself, in despite of all our exertions to the contrary, engender, in the latter, a spirit of disquietude and impatience of control. Think you that the slave as he looks upon the free negro, privileged to visit at pleasure our muster-fields and villages, to loiter and saunter about and beguile the six days appointed to labour, in fishing, hunting, and the like, will not crave to do so likewise? Ah! indeed; the slave, as he rests his eye upon the privileged gentry—these free negroes—who betake themselves when and where they please, becomes restless in performing his master's business—he wants to be a free man, and strut about "as large as life." He curses in his heart the very thought that he has to go and come at his master's bidding, while another whose skin is as black as his, is permitted, as a *free man*, to spend his time, as though he was a descendant of the Anglo-Saxon race. The slave, with this reflection, constantly coursing through his brain, naturally desires to strip his owner of all control and authority over him and take the reins in his own government into his own hands, although, Phæton-like, he would drive to destruction. He is willing, at all and every hazard, to venture on this uncertain sea and to make the experiment, even if his vessel should strand on the breakers. But the free negro is not content to let his evil example alone do all the mischief which it is calculated to effect. He must accomplish more; he must, by word and deed—by counsel and entreaty—dissuade the slave from resting satisfied with his condition; he must induce the slave, by more than the mere force of example, to cast off from him the yoke and the fetters, as he would term them, of Slavery to the white man. He would have them sum up all that in him lies of strength and courage, and assert the rights to which the free negro thinks the slaves and himself are entitled to among us. The free negro has a strong attractive influence over the slave, hence the strong desire in the latter to associate with, to initiate and to intermarry with the former. If the slave gets a free negro for husband or wife, as the case may be, he has advanced, in his own intimation, a tremendous step in ameliorating his condition. He thinks he is rising rapidly to the level of the white man. The fact is, in this intermarrying of slave and free negro, the slave is put on the iniquitous platform of rascality, treachery and crime, on which the free negro stands by virtue of his *status*—wholly stripped of any moral or wholesome restraint. But, reader, say you, does any white man who is not *non compos mentis*, or a lunatic, suffer free negroes to intermarry with his slaves, and to mingle with them about his plantation? Start not—'tis even so. Some who are sane on most subjects, profess a kind of *mono-mania* in this particular. They forget that if the *status* of the slave is his right condition, that of the free negro is wrong—that the two are perfectly dissimilar—antipodes one to the other. They forget, too, that the free negro, steeped in vice and crime, will tend to drag the slave down and down to the filthy depths to which he has debased himself. As for us, we regard every free negro, among a family of slaves, as the vilest enemy that could possibly be suffered to dwell in their midst. We believe South Carolina would advance her interests very materially if she were to make suitable provisition to ship her free negroes to another land, where they could be alone, and if they inflicted injury on any one, it would be on one occupying the same level—the injuring and the injured, both, would be free negroes.

—*Greenville (S. C.) Mountaineer.*] CAROLINA.

THE SOUTHERN AGITATION.

THE results of the recent agitation in the Southern States, on account of the oppressions of the Government, and its unwarrantable interference with the institution of Slavery, cannot but awaken feelings of alarm in the bosoms of those who will dispassionately consider it.

At the beginning of the excitement, the Southern States, without exception, declared that Congress had unwarrantably interfered with their institutions—that their exactions and oppressions of the Government would not be submitted to, and were neither justified by constitutional provisions, or deducible from the nature of the governmental compact. They said that a stern and unwavering resistance of those measures was the only means of salvation to the South; and many of them declared for such resistance, even to the dissolution of the Union. How has all this matter ended? Has not everything contended for by the Northern representation in Congress been obtained? Have they not perfected a system which must, ultimately, result in the abolition of Slavery?

And the South—deluded by the promise of a cessation of hostilities—betrayed by her own sons into the hands of her enemies—willing to purchase a temporary peace on any terms, has quietly consented to acquiesce in the decision of the majority, and submit her rights and her property to the tender mercies of Abolitionists, who are equally regardless of both. The strength of the Government has been tested by this struggle, and it has proved that the Union is stronger than the institution of Slavery itself. It has proved that we are rapidly progressing towards a thorough consolidation of the Government; and the indignant cry which rose from the entire Southern people at first, has been stifled and hushed into a faint and feeble murmur. Agitation only strengthens the Government; and every effort at resistance, as yet made by the South, has only the more securely fastened the bonds which she has attempted to throw off. How long is this state of things to continue? In the recent struggle in this State, the submissionists proposed a distinct issue, which would at once have settled the question forever; and however uncertain the end might be, it nevertheless was a practical question, by which they proposed to determine the matter. The co-operationists told us then as now, that delay would bring about vast results for the salvation of the South—they said that the time will come when the Southern States will awake to a sense of their true position, and the whole will move off in a grand triumphal procession, and leave the North to manage their own affairs, and pay their own taxes. Where is the evidence that such will ever be the case? Are not the Southern States further now from the true point of resistance than they have ever been? Has not this Southern movement demonstrated that the South will submit to the encroachments of Congress, and encouraged the Abolitionists to pursue and consummate their purposes?

We do not propose to open the question of separate secession at this time; we do not expect to be able to reverse the decision which the people in their sovereign capacity have made; but we look forward to the action of the convention with the liveliest interest and solicitude. When that body assembles, our people will watch its proceedings, and trust to the patriotism of its members to devise some plan, however imperfect, which has for its end the deliverance from the bonds of this Union. We cannot anticipate its action, but we trust in God that its members will have the spirit to do something besides laying down platforms and passing resolutions.—"There is a point beyond which endurance ceases to be a virtue;" and that point, we humbly think, has been reached by the South; and if we would preserve our liberties, and transmit them to our posterity unimpaired, we must take steps at once to effect our deliverance from the power of abolitionism and its apostles.—*Unionville (S. C.) Journal.*

MR. RHETT AND THE ABOLITIONISTS.

SINCE Mr. Rhett is desirous to break up the Union because of the Anti-Slavery agitation which has already taken place in the country, he can hardly be surprised to find co-operating with him those fanatics of the North who insist that the same agitation shall be kept up, whatever perils to the Union it may involve. Thus the *New York Tribune* mentions Mr. Rhett's name with honour, and comes to the conclusion that he had quite the best of the argument in his recent encounter with Mr. Clemens.

It is an unquestionable fact that the abolitionist of the North, who proclaim the constitution to be "a covenant of hell," are the *natural allies* of disunionists elsewhere. The ground of the northern fanatic is, that the constitution violates all "higher law," by giving perfect legal protection to the institution of Slavery; the ground of the opposite extremist is, that to that institution the constitution gives no real protection at all. The meeting of the two extremes—as manifestly they do meet and aid each other—implies a plain self-contradiction. The strongest conceivable rebuke to Mr. Garrison is that Mr. Rhett is labouring to the same end of disunion with himself. The strongest conceivable argument to turn Mr. Rhett from his madness is the fact that Mr. Garrison is his ally.

But all such *ultraism*, we trust, is disappearing from our land. That at the North originated in a perversion of the Jeffersonian ordinance of 1787, and the location upon it of the Wilmot proviso; that at the South by a perversion, equally erroneous, of the resolutions of 1797–'98, when they were made to sanction the so-called State-rights doctrines of the Nashville southern convention. As soon as the people began to consider and analyze the fruits of such errors they failed not to apply the proper corrective.

The truth of the whole matter is, the democratic party, as a national organization, means to stand upon the great doctrines of Jefferson, as they were illustrated and put in practice by Madison, Jackson, and Polk, and not as they have been more recently expounded and perverted by either of the two sectional conventions at Nashville and Buffalo. The people have decided this matter. If the democracy puts itself under the guidance of the southern ultraism, it will be beaten at the South; if the democracy puts itself under the guidance of the northern ultraism, it will be beaten at the North. By the very law of its existence, the democracy is a *national* party, or it is no party at all. Hence ultraism in its ranks—sectionalism of all shades—inevitably inures to the benefit of its opponents. So it always has been. Since 1816 the whig party has led on sectionalisms. So it always will be.

Hence the union of the democracy, in that sense in which union is victory, means the prevalence and ascendency of moderate counsels and wise men in the democratic ranks—guided by the well-tested and time-honoured doctrines and principles of the party. The ultraist of any shade who comes to the Baltimore Convention to foist his pet notion into the democratic creed will be disappointed. If this be not so, the democracy would be doomed to a shameful defeat. But it is so. The people have had too much sectionalism of late years, and too much of sectional organizations. They want rest and a cessation of sectional controversy; and they are determined at the North and at the South to put the power of the government into the hands of men who, in regard to the sectional issues, will maintain for them the quiet which they desire. The strength of the democratic party to-day is in the fact that the people look to it, and not to the whigs, to accomplish this result. The peril of the democratic party to-day is, that some of its leaders may forget this truth and the course of conduct which it involves: for, if the democracy forgets this truth, we may be well assured that the whig convention and the whig candidate will avail themselves of the blunder; and, plainly enough, no democratic statesman can be elected to the presidency who does not fully recognise his own mission and the mission of his party at this time to be to avoid the reopening or the encouragement of sectional controversy, no matter how specious or delusive, at the North or at the South, may be the names under which the demon of that discord shall seek to mask either his purposes or his instruments.

In this state of things, it is most fortunate that the task of avoiding, withstanding, and repressing the Slavery agitation is at this day *easier* than it has been before for twenty years. To do so is, in fact, only to bow to the *ascertained* will of the people.—*Washington Union.*

ABOLITION STRENGTH IN NEW ORLEANS.—In conversing with a very intelligent citizen of the Second Municipality, yesterday, and who had resided in this city for many years, upon the state of public opinion here upon the Slavery question, we were altogether amazed and confounded to hear him declare his belief, that if the question of the abolition of Slavery in Louisiana were submitted to the people of New Orleans, *the question would be carried by a two-thirds vote!* Believing ourselves that so monstrous a proposal could not command a five per cent. vote out of the whole population, we mentioned the subject to several of our friends, and though they agreed that the opinion expressed was extravagant and excessive, we were hardly less amazed and confounded to hear them admit, as they distinctly did, that, *upon such an issue, it was doubtful upon which side the majority of the citizens of New Orleans would be found!* We are constrained to admit that the gentlemen referred to have had better opportunities than we have, to come to a safe and sound conclusion upon such a matter; but the solace we derive from the counter opinions which have always been ours, are altogether too precious and conservative of the peace and the rights of the South, to be parted with and surrendered but upon further and fuller proofs; but at the same time we must concede, that the statements made to us by persons of so much respectability and worth, betoken a state of public sentiment here of the weightiest import, and of which we had not until now the smallest conception!

We have generally noticed, in passing along the thoroughfares of life, that what a number of people stand *ready* to do, they are very apt to *wish* to do, and easily fall into the maxim, that "where there is a *will*, there is a *way*;" and if the slaveholders of New Orleans and Louisiana can give credence to a tithe of what we have heard and recounted above (of which we are still incredulous), all will admit that it urgently behooves them to counsel together, and with their fellow-citizens to devise "ways and means" of protecting property, alike from incendiary contact and felonious spoliation.—*N. O. Courier.*

The Peculiar Institution.

THE WASHINGTON SLAVE PENS.

WASHINGTON CITY, Feb. 16, 1852.

GENTLEMEN: I have just visited the City Prison for the first time during the present session of Congress. I found poor Drayton in his room, where he is permitted to remain during the day time, being thrust into his inner dungeon at night. He is in better health than when I last saw him; says that his physical comforts are attended to as well as circumstances permit. Sayres was also with him in the same room. They are supplied with books and papers to read, and thus, as far as possible, occupy their minds. Yet here they are, shut out from the world, separated from their families and friends, with no hope of release, until the Angel of Death shall come to open their prison-doors and bid them enter that land where slaveholders and doughfaces can no longer inflict punishment upon men for their love of liberty. It is now nearly four years since they made an attempt to assist some eighty of their fellow beings to break the chains that bound them, and to flee from an oppression unknown among barbarous nations. For this generous and righteous act they are doomed to a lingering death within the bars and bolts of a dungeon. To ask the present Executive to pardon them would be a waste of words and of effort.

They were pleased to see me. They never fail, when I call, to allude to my first visit to them. It was on the morning after they first entered their gloomy abode. They, with the whole eighty slaves, had been captured, brought back, and thrust into prison. There was great and general excitement through the city. The slave-dealers were collecting from all quarters to purchase the victims who had been penned. Baltimore, Annapolis, Richmond, Alexandria and Washington had poured forth troops of these human vultures, who had gathered at the prison in order to speculate in human flesh. There were the two Edmonson sisters, their talented, genteel and manly brother; there was Mrs. Madison's body-servant, and others equally intelligent, shut up for market in these barracoons. The vestibule of the prison was filled with purchasers.

When I arrived, I announced my name to the keeper, and requested him to show me to the cell of Drayton and Sayres. He appeared astonished, whispered with his officers and assistants, and soon led the way up stairs. When I reached their cell, and informed them who I was, and told them I had come to assure them of their safety from the mob violence, and that to the extent of my influence they should have a legal trial, they appeared to be overwhelmed. They had expected a violent death under Lynch Law, and you can better imagine their feelings than I can describe them, when they were told that they had friends in the city who would protect their legal rights.

It was there, while conversing with Drayton, that the mob ascended to the landing at the gate which opened into the hall where the keeper had led the way, and from which I was separated from Drayton's cell by an iron grated door, through which we conversed. They directed the keeper to open the iron gate, which would permit them to enter this hall in which he and I were standing. He refused. They then told me that I must leave instantly, or my life would be in danger. At this, poor Drayton appeared to be struck with horror, and it was some time before he became so far recovered as to converse intelligently.

What followed needs no repetition. All recollect the three days of excitement, of mob violence and of terror. In the House of Representatives, the storm raged and members raved, and said in public debate that they would head a mob to execute violence on the member from your distriet for having visited these men. Hale broke forth in the Senate, and slaveholding wrath was also kindled up in that grave body. Many and varied have been the scenes which I have since witnessed. Thousands of miles have I travelled, enjoying the sunshine and the zephyrs of heaven, associating with friends and acquaintances, but there in their gloomy abode these victims still remain, surrounded by walls of stone and of iron; and there they are doomed to remain, while they live, monuments to the barbarity of this land of boasted freedom.

I also called on Noah Hanson. He is an educated man, of genteel deportment, with just enough coloured blood to show that some of his ancestors belonged to the African race. Two years ago, he was serving at the house of R. S. Cox, in this city. Two slaves belonging to Mr. Colcock, a representative from South Carolina, escaped and were subsequently found in one of Cox's outbuildings. This man was suspected, and being coloured, was easily convicted of assisting them, although the slaves denied it, notwithstanding they were repeatedly flogged to compel them to implicate Hanson. On conviction, he was fined $1080, and sentenced to remain in prison until the fine shall be paid. For this offence he has already been in prison eighteen months. He has a mother, who was dependent on him for support while he was free; but that mother, and the scenes of his childhood, he will never more see. He is doomed to drag out a miserable life within the walls of a dungeon.

I recollect of hearing a member of Congress many years since tell of having seen a white man shoot a coloured man for walking over a bridge across the canal, near the city, thereby frightening some ducks at which the white man was trying to get a shot. They flew, and the sportsman turned round and shot the boy, who died in two days afterwards. But not a resident of Washington was disposed to prosecute his murderer. The gentleman went himself to the authorities and stated the facts, and informed them that the subject should be brought up in the House unless the murderer was arrested. Process was finally issued, the murderer was imprisoned, and soon after it was said he had broken jail and escaped; and was no more heard of. But this man, for assisting his fellow-man to break his chains, is doomed to linger and waste his life in a living grave. This is a specimen of the justice of Congressional legislation. Yours.

—*Cleveland True Democrat.*

SWEETS OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

IT is only by a continued residence in the South that any one can appreciate the real value of Southern life. To have a proper idea of the same, you must remember—

1st. That almost all labour is performed by ignorant, superstitious, and generally dissatisfied slaves. They may sometimes appear happy and contented.

2d. That the *whip*, or some such instrument, cowhide, paddle, strip of stiff leather, or saw-blade, is the impelling motive power to action, in the mind of the slaves.

3d. That to be waited upon is considered, by a Southerner, a mark of gentility, the acme of happiness—the evidence of wealth—aye, the luxury of aristocracy.

4th. That children are generally allowed to act as they please, and that the possession of a dog, gun and horse is the chief aim, and satisfies the highest aspirations of most of the sons of Southern planters. That the young ladies generally learn to sit gracefully, to dance bewitchingly, and to show off fascinatingly, long ere womanhood fits them for the sober realities of married life.

At a distance, the possession of a large sugar estate may seem the desideratum of earthly happiness. But let the devout aspirant of such earthly bliss have the management of such, but for one year, and he will learn that "*man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long;*" that fawning sycophancy is not true affection—that deception, indolence, ignorance, cunning, stealing, and lust, with all the dark shades of the human heart, operate upon the mind, control the motives, and stimulate to action the scornful slave. 'Tis true, there may be exceptions—there are pious slaves—honourable and quite sensible, and considering their opportunities, well informed; some, who have contrived to learn to read and write; but in general, they are a mass of degraded, brutish, reckless, stubborn and repulsive human beings—careless of their social, moral or spiritual condition—such as we would be in their situation. Now how much freedom of thought, or action; how much of the noble impulses of human nature, how much of the amiable, generous and refined aspirations of the heart can find aliment in an atmosphere where pride, cringing fear and selfishness cramp the energies, and enervate the manly vigour of the soul? "The discipline of the plantation must be rigid, strict, and prompt"—the overseer is often a petty tyrant, himself frequently more degraded than the slave that trembles at his frowns—all set in motion by the "cracking of the whip;" the stimulus to exertion is the "popping of the whip;" at the "crack of the day," crack goes the whip—all must "speed the plow," or the plantation will be in arrears. If the master is not strict to maintain discipline, his slaves become careless, idle and disobedient—if not insolent, a nuisance to himself, and a pest to the neighbourhood. The master cannot treat a slave generally as he would desire, lest he become insolent, indolent, and disobedient—and at best, his patience will be tried, his anger excited, and his heart sickened by numberless and nameless petty annoyances, peculiar to life on a Southern plantation. How often have I heard rich planters, excited with passion by some gross neglect, or aggravated by wilful disobedience, curse the whole African race, and wish them all in Africa; and amiable Southern ladies, sometimes, are so vexed with the negligence, carelessness, awkwardness and stupidity, or else with the thievish, lying and deceiving propensities of even their house servants, that if they had the power, you would think a general execution would take place of the whole black population.

"To steal for the sake of stealing" is thought to be a peculiar passion of Southern slaves, and the corn, the poultry, fat pigs, and sometimes cattle, are spirited away at the dead hour of midnight, and snugly stowed with some rascally *Dutchman*, that keeps a little grocery, as you will see on the outskirts of every Southern town or village, or at the forks of the roads in the country.

If you knew as much about Slavery as I do, you would not think it so much a *crime* to be a slaveholder as a *misfortune*. No one but a Southerner knows the innumerable petty annoyances of plantation-life. If you have a fruit orchard, it is robbed at night—if you have a fine fat pet pig about your yard, the night before you intended to serve it up for a wedding party or a "big dinner," it is missing. If you have a fine flock of turkies and chickens, in anticipation of Christmas, New Year's, 8th January, and good dinners through the winter, and some for market, a levy is made, by unknown hands, at night. Your horses are taken out at night, rode to and from town, and turned loose, to be found next day or two, with a sore back and a jaded appearance. Your corn is stolen out of the field, the crib, or even the horse's trough. "All done by the negroes." When the season is the most "pushing," the negroes fain sick, run away, get into jail, to be advertised and reclaimed, at considerable expense. Slaves will quarrel among each other—sometimes crippling each other—all about some trifling matter of suspicion or jealousy—the most fruitful cause of strife among slaves. It would frequently be less trouble for the master to do a job of work himself than to depend upon his slave to do it, and when you wish it to be done neatly or expeditiously for some particular occasion, it is done so bunglingly, awkwardly, slovenly, or with great tardiness. But if you wait upon yourself, why, "you spoil your negroes."

None but you in New England can enjoy to its full extent, the luxury of waiting upon oneself, and life in New England is the life for me—free from the cares, anxieties and responsibilities of a Southern plantation. P.

Louisiana, Jan. 29th, 1852.

—[*Boston Commonwealth.*

ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

A member of Congress from Ohio, elected by one of the hunker parties, in a recent letter to one of his Free Soil friends in this County, thus speaks of the enormity and hideousness of Slavery in the District of Columbia, and his readiness in future to vote for its final extirpation from that territory.

"In relation to political action, as yet, I can say but little. My conscience still approves of my votes against the Slave Power in the last Congress, and my constituents, with some exceptions, approve them, and I am prepared to sustain those votes by others whenever occasion presents. Every day's experience and reflection convince me of the correctness of my course in the last Congress; and I am so selfish that I would rather please my constituents generally and my conscience particularly, than the balance of the world besides. I would rather choose a good name than a great one. But I am now prepared to go a step further than I would have been before I came here at all. I am *now* prepared to vote for the abolition of Slavery in the District of Columbia, because I believe a majority of the *now* qualified voters of the District, untrammelled, are in favour of a gradual emancipation of the slaves; and, you know, I am a stickler for the doctrine of *representation*.

"There is the most infamous law in this District, made by the City Council which has no legislative power at all, that the world ever heard of. It is briefly this—every *free* coloured person is required to have his and her, old and young, *free papers* renewed every year, for which each one is required to pay *five dollars*, being over thirty thousand dollars; and then, there is another city law to back that up by a *capitation* tax on each one, of three dollars. Those two draw annually from the toil and sweat of these free coloured persons of the District, about *fifty thousand dollars*.

"But I will not dwell on the villanies of this place, though much might be said. This seat of Government should be moved near the mouth of the Ohio River, in the State of Illinois. If numerous petitions for its removal, would pour into upon us, not saying about cause why, but let a thousand causes which exist here present themselves, I think it would have a good effect."—*The Homestead Journal.*

SLAVERY AS IT IS.—*Prof. Cowles:* Slavery exists here on the Eastern shore of Maryland, in good earnest. A coloured man, a few days since, in this neighbourhood, was killed by a white man, without the slightest provocation, as was proven. The deceased was esteemed by all who knew him as an honest, industrious and inoffensive man; his murderer, as a public nuisance. However, he has wealth and prejudice in his favour, and the sequel will show the consistency of the "law-loving" people of the South.

Although, by the laws of Maryland, this man has forfeited life, yet we see him riding about at large. All he was compelled to do was merely to give bail for his appearance at court in the sum of $8000, and now if he choose he may leave the country, and receive no trial at all, except at that bar where wealth and prejudice can have no weight. What a difference between the justice of our heavenly Father and that of man! This is nothing more or less than contempt for the laws. There is no more law for the coloured man in slave States than there is for dogs.

However virtuously or religiously inclined a coloured female may be, her person is not exempt from prostitution by her brutal oppressors. Nothing is more common (I speak advisedly) than raping coloured girls. Indeed it is esteemed a mark of manliness, nor does the fact, though known, lower the man in the esteem of the other sex, so common is this degrading practice. And yet there is here much of a certain refinement and polish of manners. But alas, how little real virtue. N.

—[*Oberlin Evangelist.—Correspondence from a slave State.*

Selections.

REV. T. T. STONE.

THIS eminent Divine and practical Christian preached his farewell address to the First Church in this city on Sunday last. A large and interested audience were present. The conclusion of his afternoon discourse was personal, and very affecting. After stating what he considered true religion to be, viz., the advocacy and practice of reform in the soul and society, according to the law of God, he spoke of his relations to his church, now to be severed forever, alluding to the eminent Roger Williams, who over two hundred years before was banished from the same pulpit, and for the same offence, the advocacy of the Freedom of the Soul. In continuation, he said, that though he was sensible of opposing feelings on the part of some of his Parish, of these he should be silent now, and silent forever. He was more conscious of benefits conferred upon himself by that congregation, and these had indeed oppressed him. May I, said he, by my future life, prove not unworthy the confidence and esteem which you have given in over abundance for my deserts. Hoping that the church might in future be filled with the spirit and truth of God, he gave to the assembled Congregation a solemn and touching benediction, and gave out that exquisite hymn of Madam Guiori—"The Wanderer." How touchingly appropriate! He was indeed going forth as a Wanderer upon earth, feeling that the advocacy of the noblest and most exalted faith and practice deserved a better reward than exile and banishment, and feeling that faith and trust in God, which can even make the cold desert of the World to blossom as the rose. If the Preacher had gone thus forth without God, his banishment had been indeed hopeless and complete.

We shall not attempt to analyze all the motives which have led a few to banish this eminent man. We shall not either denounce them. We however shall say these words: Mr. Stone has advocated unpopular but living and christian truths. He has kept his pulpit free on the great subjects of christian reform, Anti-Slavery, Higher Law, Peace, Temperance, &c., and the two former are (most strange and shameful to say) rank heresies at this day, and in this community. He has been a determined advocate of reform—a friend of the slave—a lover of the liberty wherewith the Sons of God are free—an expounder of that Higher and everlasting Law of God, which was the Law ere Time began, and will continue to be Law when Time shall be no longer—the ONLY Law by which in His infinite wisdom He governs the moral Kingdoms of the uncounted Worlds.

This Law and its external duties and consequences have been most worthily advocated by Mr. S., and the necessary consequence is, he is now without a Parish and a people. We would further say that we believe that his course in this matter has been the important element in his banishment. An ordinarily faithful Preacher would remain unmolested but a short time in his pulpit in these degenerate days, but Mr. S. has received an over abundant reward for his faithfulness. In after years, who of that church will either wish or dare to acknowledge their share in the banishment of a man, who is greater than Rogers Williams, because advocating a later, more liberal and unsectarian gospel. The thing however is done. It is written in letters of shame on the adamantine tablets of history. The coming time shall leave it there, but others in better days, and under better influences, shall gently place upon the martyr's head the crown of light.

We should do injustice to a large part of Mr. Stone's Congregation if we did not credit them with good feelings and sympathies towards him, and we moreover believe that every person therein must respect him for his uncomplaining forbearance, and acknowledge his sincerity, his devotion to duty, and his purity of character. Even some of those who have caused him to go out from among us, are doubtless mistaken in his views and aims, their importance and christian worth, and are ignorantly, yes *ignorantly* persecuting him, because imbued with the false doctrines, and blinded with the party mists of to-day.—*Essex County (Mass.) Freeman.*

LETTER FROM GERRIT SMITH

TO GOVERNOR HUNT, OF NEW YORK, ON AFRICAN COLONISATION.

GOVERNOR HUNT: *Dear Sir*—I see, in the newspapers, that some (I trust not many), of the members of the Legislature are disposed to respond to your call for help to the American Colonisation Society. Just here let me say, and I take pleasure in saying it, that I do not number you with the despisers and haters of the coloured people. In my pleasant intercourse with you, you have given me proofs, substantial proofs, unknown to the public, of your benevolent interest in that oppressed people.

You have, suddenly, fallen in love with the American Colonisation Society.

acter of the Colonisation Society. But you have joined it at a time, when, to use Bible language, 'the shew of its countenance doth witness against it, and declares its sin as Sodom, and hides it not.' I joined it as an Abolition Society. But you have joined it at that advanced stage of its existence, when it proves itself to be not only a pro-Slavery, instead of an Anti-Slavery, Society; but when it has ripened into the unmeasured calumniator of the Abolitionists, and the unblushing defender of the slaveholder, and the deadliest enemy of the coloured race.

The American Anti-Slavery Society was organized at the close of the year 1833. I welcomed its doctrine of immediate and universal emancipation—for it was, and had ever been, my own doctrine. *Every* heart, if left to its free and natural play, evinces its hatred of oppression. The outbursting sympathy of our countrymen with the eloquent Kossuth and his poor Hungary shows that even the Americans hate oppression. The Americans, although the greatest and guiltiest of all oppressors, are oppressors in only one direction; and they are oppressors in that direction, not because it is their nature to be such, but because, as it is generally held, of their prejudice against colour. This prejudice is, certainly, not natural. I owe it to no better or other nature than my countrymen have, that my bosom is, and ever has been, a stranger to this insane and soul-shrivelling and murderous prejudice. That negroes and Indians were among the companions and mates of my childhood, is perhaps sufficient to account for my freedom from it. This prejudice is, after all, but the proximate cause of our disposition to oppress our coloured brethren. Nor is it the only proximate cause. Slavery, which has created this prejudice, has also laid us under political, ecclesiastical and pecuniary temptations to oppress them. So far from natural is this prejudice, that nothing of it can be found in any part of the world, save where the whites have put the stigma of Slavery upon the blacks. In vain you will search for it in Continental Europe or in Asia. And yet, your Message repeats the oft-repeated nonsense, that, '*the instincts of nature* proclaim that the two races must sooner or later be separated.' The discriminating mind of Washington Hunt, (and it is not easy to find one more discriminating), should not have allowed itself to be imposed upon by this piece of Colonisation nonsense, or by the other pieces of Colonisation nonsense, which found their way into your Message. One of these is, that to the slaveholder belongs the subject of Slavery; and that the 'interference' of others with it is 'misdirected philanthropy.' But as well may you say, to the drunkards belongs the subject of drunkenness, and that the temperate cannot understand it, and cannot know how to deal with it. As well too may you say, that horse-thieves only are competent to dispose of the matter of horse-stealing, as that slaveholders, or men-thieves, only are competent to dispose of the matter of man-stealing. The Colonisation Society and Truth are very dissimilar teachers. Truth teaches, that the stand-point, from which to survey a vice and determine how to attack it, must be outside of the circle of its power; and that he, whose mind is unblinded, and whose heart is undebauched, by that power is the clearer observer and the better judge in the case. Would you not say: 'Give me anti-gamblers to put down gambling? Give me temperance men to put down drunkenness? Give me the chaste to put down adultery?' Why, then, in the name of common sense, will you not say, 'Give me Abolitionists to put down Slavery?' Alas, that you ever opened your ears to Colonisation trash! There will be a great change in a dozen years. The Governor of this State, at that time, will not be tempted to rob the Abolitionists of their merits. If this superlatively guilty nation shall be saved, the Abolitionists—the men who have suffered every reproach, and every loss, and flung themselves away, for their nation's sake—will be its saviours.

Scarcely had the Anti-Slavery Society proclaimed the doctrine of immediate and universal emancipation, ere the Colonisation Society made open war upon the doctrine; and opposed all emancipation, unless accompanied by expatriation. Its members then dropped off rapidly—so rapidly, that in the history, which Judge Jay soon after wrote of the Colonization Society, he mentions myself as the only immediate emancipationist remaining in it. To the shame of my head and the shame of my heart, I did not quit the Society, until the year 1835.

But we will pass on to look at the Colonisation Society, as it now is. There is not one person in all its membership, who is a confessed abolitionist—not one who is willing to bear the reproach of that name. It says not a word against the social, or political, or ecclesiastical wrongs of the coloured man; not a word against the crime of refusing to eat or ride with him; not a word against his exclusion from the ballot-box; not a word against the erection of the negro pew. It says not a word against the Fugitive Slave Statute—a statute, which is of all statutes, Satan's master-piece. Indeed, the warmest defenders of this statute are to be found among its members. It sees men and women chased down under this statute, and plunged into the pit of Slavery, and it is utterly careless and contemptuous of their horrid fate. It sees one State after another imposing, or attempting to impose, discriminating and onerous taxes on its already crushed and helpless free coloured people; one free State after another excluding, or attempting to exclude, this persecuted people from its borders; and it never remonstrates against this devilism. Nay, this devilism is its own work; prompted by the spirit which it begets and nourishes, and perforated by none more eagerly than by its members and advocates. The Colonisation Society apologizes for Slavery, and denies that it is sinful. It is, in a word, as infidel and inhuman, as the current religion—that conventional and spurious religion, which looks upon the battered and bleeding slave, and then passes by on the other side; that conventional and spurious religion, which is divorced from humanity, and which forgets, aye, and devours the poor and small, in order to keep on better terms with the rich and great. And who are the officers of this Society; Many of them are slave-holders; and the President is Henry Clay himself, that notorious buyer and seller of men, women, and children, who has done immeasurably more than any other person to uphold and extend Slavery. And who is the Colonisation Society Agent, that has been in Albany the present winter, for the purpose of gaining favour with the Legislature for your unhappy recommendations? It is the same man, who argued in his Colonisation newspaper, a year or two ago, that it is *dishonourable* and *dishonest* for a slave to run away from his master. As if this Reverend hypocrite would not, were *he* a slave, run away from his master, if he could! Ay, and as if he would not make mince-meat of his pursuers, rather than suffer himself to be carried back by them!

Such is the American Colonisation Society! And is such a Society fit to be entrusted with the interests and disposal of our poor, hunted, tormented, 'killed-all-the-day-long' coloured brethren? If it is, then are wolves the fit guardians of lambs. Nevertheless, your Message holds up this Society as the friend, the best friend, indeed the only effectual friend of the coloured people! Said I not truly, then, that you have been deceived by it? Sorry, however, as I am for this deception, I, nevertheless, am not astonished by it. I know well the Janus-face of that Society. I know well its double tongue. But for that Janus-face and double tongue, it could never have succeeded in getting so much of my time and ten thousand dollars of my money. It has its phrases for tickling the ears of the slaveholder of the South, and its phrases for seducing the Anti-Slavery man of the North. It tells the slaveholder that the removal of the free coloured people will leave him secure in the possession of his slaves; it tells the Anti-Slavery man, that the Colonisation Society is the agency for breaking up Slavery, and for civilizing and Christianising Africa.

Yes, my dear Sir, you have been deceived by the falsehoods of the Colonisation Society. I beg you to be deceived by them no longer. If you will look into the Society with your own eyes, you will wash your hands of it as soon as you can, and as clean as you can. But it is not by its *falsehoods* only, that you have been deceived. It is by its *fancies* also. I well remember the impressions made on my romantic and enthusiastic spirit by the pictures, which Henry Clay and others were accustomed to draw of the thriving towns which would, ere long, fringe the whole coast of Africa, and of the quick succession of ships from our shores, laden with 'missionaries in the cause of civilization, republicanism, and Christianity.' For so it was, that a single voyage and its salt water baptisms would convert into such glorious missionaries those whom, whilst in America, the Colonisationists are wont to designate as 'black vagbonds' and 'black rascals!' But

'Where now are the pictures that fancy touch'd bright?'

Alas, they are all unrealized. Like Prospero's beautiful and gorgeous creations, they

'Are melted into air—thin air.'

During the thirty-five years, since the Colonisation Society was organized, the millions of coloured people in this land have doubled, and far more than doubled; whilst of all who have been taken to Liberia, that frightful grave-yard, probably not three thousand survive. That the emigrants would readily and harmoniously blend with the Africans was taken for granted But it turns out, that they despise the Africans, as much as they are themselves despised by us. If we can hate the emigrants for their colour, the emigrants can hate the Africans for their barbarism. It was also taken for granted, that very soon our coloured people would all be eager to go to Liberia. I hear that several of them in the city of New York are, by some means, made willing, or, more probably, but made to say that they are willing to go. Extensive, however, as is my acquaintance with coloured people, not one of them tells me that he is willing to go.

I am aware that you have a cooler, steadier, safer temperament than I have. Nevertheless, I doubt not, that such pictures as the Colonisation painters make, have had their effect on your imagination, as well as on my own. I hope that you will not get to trying your hand at making this sort of pictures. I began to try mine at it, more than a quarter of a century ago; and I now feel that I was very poorly employed.

Since quitting the Colonisation Society, I have often wondered that I could be so blind to history and philosophy, as to believe that a civilized people would mix with, and become a homogeneous people with the barbarians, to whose land they emigrate. Such emigration is fatal to the barbarians. Send missionaries to the heathen—but do not plant colonies among them. The former preserve—but the latter devour. Those men of God, Raymond and Thompson, have done more to civilize and christianize Africa than has been done by all Liberia, or than ever will be done by any other mere trading and earth-governed colony.

The people of African descent on this continent, and on the neighbouring islands, exceed ten millions. How visionary the idea of removing them to a distant part of the globe! and that, too, when their whole hearts are against it! Irish emigration is often referred to, to illustrate the practicability of this removal But, in that case, there is a will to emigrate; and if 'where there's a will, there's a way,' so is it that where there's no will, there's no way. Again, how absurb it is to liken the feasibility of seating millions of persons on a wild and barbarous coast, to that of adding such numbers to our population This addition could not disturb our public order, or unsettle our consolidated institutions But an accession of five thousand a year to the handful of people in Liberia would overwhelm them, and subvert their government. The immature Colony could not absorb it. The feeble Government could not control it. Do you say, that it is not proposed to remove the whole ten millions? But does not your argument for removing a part, apply equally to, and call for, the removal of all? for the removal of the blacks of Brazil, as well as for the removal of the blacks of America? Your doctrines is, that 'the two races must be separated.' Do you say, that it is proposed to remove the free blacks only? Yes, but with you the Colonisation scheme is one of philanthropy; and your purpose in removing the free blacks is chiefly to make room for the emancipation and removal of the slaves. If this is not your purpose, then you belong to that class of Colonisationists who are nakedly at work for the slaveholders: at work to rid them of the great source of dissatisfaction to their slaves, and the great source of peril to their investment in human flesh. But to that degraded, servile class of Colonisationists, you do not belong. It is mainly for the purpose of promoting the emancipation of the slaves, that you are a Colonisationist. Do not be alarmed. I have not called you an Abolitionist. Yet awhile, this is an odious appellation: and, yet awhile, you shrink from it. Our priests and politicians are not yet ready to sing the noble song of the noble Garrison:

'I am an Abolitionist,
I glory in the name,
Though now by Slavery's minions hissed,
And covered o'er with shame.'

But they will come to it. A dozen years hence, they may be found singing it with all the spirit with which I sing it, as I write these lines.

But why is it necessary to remove the blacks? to remove either those who are now free, or those who shall be made free? The only truthful answer to this question is, that the whites hate them, and wish to get rid of them. I am aware how common is the answer, that the blacks connot rise in the presence of 'the superior race.' But why can they not? It is only for the reason, that the whites will not let them The blacks are willing to sit, and walk, and ride, and study, and work and worship by the side of the whites; but the whites will not let them They are willing to hold office; but the whites will not let them. They are willing to get rich; but the whites will not let them. They are willing to be found in all the avenues to wealth and fame; but the whites studiously close all these avenues against them. They are willing to be buried by the side of the whites; but the whites will not let them.

I was right, then—was I not? in saying, that it is hatred of the coloured people, which calls for their expulsion from their native land. And what an unnatural, monstrous, and exceedingly wicked hatred it is! The history of the world furnishes no parallel to it—nothing at all like it. There have, it is true, been instances in which difference in religion has stirred up one part of the people of a nation to hate the other. But, in the present instance, the hatred is towards those, who are not only of the same nation, but also of the same religion with the haters—towards those, moreover, who return not the hatred, but bear it patiently. We, the American whites, are found guilty of hating our fellow-man, not for what he believes, nor for what he does, but (according to the common, and, at least, partially correct explanation of our hatred), for what he can, in no wise, help. We hate him simply because he is not made to our taste. We hate him for peculiarities which are purely natural, and for which, therefore, his Maker is alone responsible. Our quarrel, though not confessedly, is, nevertheless, really, with God. A fearful quarrel!

Here we are, then, a nation of twenty millions of whites and of four millions of blacks—and the former hating and loathing the latter with all that intensity and perseverance indicated and measured by the deep and ever multiplying wrongs which are inflicted by the one party, and suffered by the other. Horrible attitude this, of the twenty millions toward the four! Among all the promptings of Satan, is there anything more horrible? And now what is your remedy for it? It is colonisation. It is to remove out of the sight of the perpetrators of the infernal crimes, the poor, outraged, broken-hearted, desolate victims of these crimes. Wordsworth speaks of statesmen, who, in their impatience of the poor,

'have a broom still ready in their hands,
To rid the world of nuisances.'

Surely, Washington Hunt would not number himself with such statesmen. Then let him be careful not to adopt their remedy. How far does his colonisation remedy differ from the broom remedy? Alas, my dear sir, you have mistaken both the patients and the remedy! It is we the whites, and not they the blacks, who need 'treatment'; and the only remedy for our disease is the gospel remedy of repentance. Let the words of Joseph's brethren—'We are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul, when he besought us, and we would not hear'—let these words come welling up from the depths of our penitent hearts, and you will have no further occasion for anxiety respecting the disposal of the blacks. Our hatred will then have died out; and there will, consequently, be no more work for the Colonisation Society; and, I will add, that there will be no more slaveholding for the South, and no more slave-catching for the North. The love, which will succeed that hatred, will consign prejudices to the dead past, and will make the future of our country as safe, harmonious and happy, as its present is appalling, distracted and miserable.

That you have mistaken the patients in this case, is especially manifest from that part of your Message in which, after enumerating some of the enormous crimes which our whites perpetrate against our blacks, you coolly add—'Any great improvement of their condition, under circumstances so calculated to crush the spirit of manhood, seems morally impossible.' Why did you not rather feel the need of 'great improvement' on the part of the perpetrators of these crimes? And if Colonisation is your only remedy, why did you not commend it to them? It seems very clear to me, that if I fail to beating my innocent wife and children, I am the member of the family who needs 'improvement'; and that if either party must be colonised, I am that party. Congress talks of getting up an 'Ebony' line of steamers for expatriating the coloured people. But, I put it to you, whether an *Ivory* line is not infinitely better adapted to our case?

It would be a ludicrous scene—one that a Hogarth would be glad to get hold of—if, the next time I go to Albany, you should knock me down, and hold me down, and tell me, with a tearful face, that, 'under the circumstances,' it is 'morally impossible' for me to rise. You might well say '*under* the circumstances.' If you would only let me from 'under,' I would rise very quick. So, too, would the blacks rise very quick, if the whites would only let them from 'under.' Pray, which of the parties in these cases needs to be preached to?—you or I?—the whites or the blacks? I hope that, if our next Governor shall feel it to be his duty to preach either to the whites or blacks, it will be to the former, and not to the latter—to the wicked whites, and not to the innocent blacks.

I do not deny that it is possible that the policy which the Colonisation Society is fostering and spreading—the policy which is urging one State to rival another in enacting laws against the coloured people, and one office seeker to rival another in manifestations of contempt and hatred for them—I say, I do not deny that this policy may degrade that oppressed people to a point below that to which it has already degraded them. Try this policy upon some other element in our population—upon our Frenchmen, or Italians, for instance. Say to them: 'You are not fit to live in America; you shall never be allowed to strike your roots in her soil; you shall not be allowed to remain here; and, even whilst you are here, you shall be strangers and outcasts.' Say this to them, and practice what you say, and, above all, get up a Colonisation Society to send them back to their fatherland; and if it shall turn out that this fiendish policy does not debase and subdue its objects, or, what is perhaps worse, maulden them with revenge, then will the Bible lack proof for its declaration, that God hath made all nations of one blood and one nature.

Yes, I admit that it is possible that the policy of the Colonisation Society may go further than it has yet gone in invading the self-respect and desolating the prospects of our coloured brethren. It may dishearten others of their friends, as well as James G. Birney. It may, possibly, reduce our coloured brethren to such despair, as shall make them willing to be sent off, ship-load after ship-load, to end their life of sorrows among the unsparing and deadly diseases which seldom leave half of a company of emigrants to witness the termination of their second African year. Under this policy, the wicked hope that this country will be cleared of its coloured inhabitants, may possibly be yet realized. But, however this may be, there is one thing of which Revelation has made us certain. It is that, in the end, it shall be better with the hated than with the haters—'well with the righteous, and ill with the wicked.'

I have referred to Mr. Birney; and here let me say, in answer to the late newspaper assaults upon him, that I know him to his heart's core, and that there is not, in all my circle of acquaintance, a man of more perfect truthfulness, or more transparent candour, or more entire freedom from all selfish aims. The Whigs complain that he did not vote for Clay, and the Democrats that he did not vote for Polk. But how, in the name of consistency and common sense, could any honest and intelligent Abolitionist vote for any buyer or seller of men? Mr. Clay may have been a less guilty and dangerous slaveholder than Mr. Polk; or Mr. Polk may be a less guilty and dangerous slaveholder than Mr. Clay; but the Abolitionist can vote for no slaveholder.

Deeply do I lament Mr. Birney's recent advice to the coloured people. That advice will, however, be all the less influential and injurious, from the fact that its tone and colouring are taken from the low state of his health and hopes. Those editors who publish that Mr. Birney has ceased to be an Abolitionist, and has become an advocate of the Colonisation Society, will find, on reading this pamphlet, that he is still a cordial Abolitionist, and a cordial hater of the Colonisation Society It is true that he believes the policy of that Society has made, and will continue to make, America a 'Hell' to the coloured people But how much better does he make Liberia to be to them? Somewhat better, I admit—for, in his comparison between that and America, he represents Liberia to be but 'Purgatory.' I am very willing that such Colonisationists as James G. Birney should be rapidly multiplied. The Colonisation Society would soon beg to be saved from such friends.

But it is not the Colonisation Society only that would colonize our coloured people; and it is not Africa only to which they are urged to go. Many persons would have them colonise in Canada, and many in the West Indies. But why need they be colonised anywhere? They do not wish to be. They dread to be. This land is their home. They have chosen it for their home; and, in common with all the children of men, they have the right to chose their home in whatever portion of the earth. It is their home, too, if being born in it would make it their home. Again it is emphatically their home, from the fact that some of them, and many of their fathers, fought to defend it from foreign dominion. The most unscrupulous slanderer of the coloured people has never dared to deny the promptitude, courage and effect with which coloured men encountered the enemy in the American Revolution, and in one subsequent war with Great Britain. But more emphatically is this land the home of the coloured people, because they have earned so large a share of its fields with their sweat and tears and blood—the sweat and tears and blood of their unpaid and lash-extorted toil.

It is a superficial and mistaken philosophy, which argues that the coloured people can leave, without reluctance, and even with alacrity, a home so abundant in sufferings and sorrows. If not to all, nevertheless to the thoughtful and better portion of them, it is made the drearer by what they have endured in it. The room in which we have laughed and danced we care little for, and quickly forget. But the room in which we have often been afflicted by sickness or death, is forever sacred to our hearts. We love to revisit it, and to linger amidst its sorrowful associations.

It is the free coloured people whose right to remain in America is called in question. All admit that the slaves may stay here as long as they are slaves. But, not only have the free coloured people, in common with the slaves, a title, and the strongest title, to a home in America—not only *may* they remain here, but there are reasons why they *must* remain here. Here they must remain to sympathize with their brethren in bonds, and to keep hope and courage alive in those brethren. Ever and anon they can be doing something to keep the slave from despair. For instance, how cheering to him must have been the news of the Christiana triumph! Half a dozen such exhibitions of bravery and manliness on the part of the free blacks, would embolden the slaves to demand their liberty. By the way, the next generation will claim that there is nothing in all the annals of American heroism to surpass this Christiana triumph. And yet, James Buchanan, the presidential candidate, would give the cost from his back not to have it known at the South that Christiana is in his own county. How far, too, must the brave and beautiful bearing of the free blacks, in the celebrated Syracuse Rescue, have gone to encourage their enslaved brethren to escape from Slavery, and to trust themselves among such protectors! And such scenes as those at Christiana and Syracuse are as needful to interest and educate the whites, as they are to revive the drooping hopes and stimulate the faltering courage of the slaves. I have witnessed—and I need not say with what inexpressible delight—how rapidly, under the influence of this celebrated rescue, the people of Syracuse and the whole county of Onondaga have grown in truth and in the love of freedom, in manliness and philanthropy. I am prepared to say that a similar rescue in every county of this State would have the speedy effect of arraying every county in the State against Slavery.

Another purpose, for which it is indispensable that the free coloured people remain in this country is, that they may keep up the incessant cry in the ears of the slaveholding Pharaohs—'Let my people go.' And still another purpose is, that their Douglasses and Wards, and their other strong and eloquent men, may continue to urge, as their complexions gives them special advantages for doing, the claims of the slaves upon the consciences of the whites.

But it is needful for the free coloured people to remain in America, most of all, for the purpose of regaining their self-respect and the respect of others. It is here that they are to reform themselves, and, by the influence of such reformation, to reform their enemies. It is here that they must retrace their disgraceful steps. They must recover their self-respect in the presence of those who have seen them throw it away, and who have despised them for the shameful sacrifice. Thus will they save and bless themselves. Thus will they save and bless the whites. Thus will they kill the Colonisation Society, than which, (always excepting themselves—for they are their own worst enemies) they have no greater enemy. I said that they would thus be the means of killing the Colonisation Society: for whilst, on the one hand, it is true that nothing short of their voluntary debasement can make them willing to be shoved off to Africa, so, on the other hand, it is true, that their returning self-respect would leave the 'Ebony' line of steamers without employment. Suppose that, for the last fifteen years, the free coloured people had sternly refused (as one man, at least, has, during all that time, besought them to do) to remain in political and ecclesiastical parties with persons, almost all of whom will not consent to eat by their side, or even worship by their side; many of whom would kick them out of their parlours, and many of whom would love to enslave them; and suppose, moreover, that during all these fifteen years they had been quitting the cities, where the mass of them rot, both physically and morally, and had gone into the country to become farmers or mechanics; suppose I say all this, and who would have had the hardihood to affirm that the Colonisation Society could have lived until this time? It is true that the Colonisation Society lives upon the malignity of the whites; but it is as true that it lives upon the voluntary degradation of the blacks. I do not say that the coloured people are more debased than the white people would be, if as persecuted, oppressed and outraged as are the coloured people; but I do say that they are debased, deeply debased, and that to recover themselves they must become heroes, rare heroes, self-denying heroes, capable of achieving a great-moral victory—a two-fold victory—a victory over themselves, and a victory over their enemies.

I referred to colonisation in Canada. To such colonisation, there is comparatively very little objection. The thousand blacks collected in Canada are within seeing and hearing distance of their enslaved brethren. They have not deserted those brethren and gone away to forget them, and build up another nation, and make of themselves another people. They are in Canada for a season only. Day and night they sympathize intensely with their brethren, from whom they are temporarily separated.

I spoke of the incessant and strong sympathy of the blacks in Canada with their oppressed brethren. Let me add that whether rightly or wrongly they are, day and night, and incessantly, waiting for the arrival of the hour, in which to express that sympathy in the most decisive and effective forms. That hour will surely come, unless prevented by the repentance of the slaveholders; and when it shall come, the soon-to-be sixty thousand blacks of Canada, who, it must be remembered, are the picked men, the heroes, the very dare-devils of the South, will constitute no inconsiderable element in that deadly strife, in which, to use the admonitory words of Thomas Jefferson, 'the Almighty has no attribute which can take side with the slaveholders.' Men of blood are those Canada blacks—nourishing their revenge by the ineffaceable remembrance of the unutterable wrongs which they have endured, and by the tales of similar wrongs which fresh fugitives from the Southern prison-house are daily pouring into their ears.

I conclude with saying, that if there are members of the Legislature who wish to give money to the Colonisation Society, let them give it from their own pockets, and not presume to give it from the treasury of the State To give it from the treasury of the State is to thrust their hands into my pockets, and the pockets of tens of thousands who, in common with me, regard that Society as an unparalleled compound of hypocrisy and meanness and malignity, and as the shameless servant of the slaveholders. We had rather be plundered by highwaymen, than have our money taken from us for the purpose of strengthening the hands of such a Society. Nay, we had rather our money were taken from us to buy daggers to plunge into the bosoms of our coloured brethren—for the plans and policy of the American Colonisation Society are more murderous than daggers. Respectfully, your friend,

GERRIT SMITH.

THE *Salem Register*, reviewing the controversy between Senators Rhett and Clemens, finds a theme of profound thankfulness in the circumstances that the former was too much of a Christian to challenge his antagonist. We should be grateful for gratitude wherever we discover it. But when it appears in large amounts for the minutest of favours, it certainly partakes hugely of the ludicrous. Let us see how much reason the *Register* has for its demonstration.

If Rhett and Clemens had indulged *ad nauseam* in abuse of each other; and as the account current showed certain unliquidated indebtedness on the part of Rhett, that representative of chivalry, it was supposed, would resort to the last method of squaring such obligations, pistols at twelve paces. It was not imagined for a moment, that any religious scruples would forbid, for if any existed, they must have interfered to prevent those personalities, which the *Register* properly stigmatizes as of the grossest character. But strange to say, Mr. Rhett discovered that he was a Christian, only when called upon to shape his ill words into ill-deeds. His religious professions had been put to shame, by the most unpardonable improprieties of speech; and were remembered only at the moment he was invited to abide, by the consequences. He spoke twice and badly, and even then declined to act once, because of a reviving recollection of certain by-past devotional resolves.

Now we appeal to the *Register*, whether this display of piety would not have better suited an earlier stage of the business? Does it not come in awkwardly at the precise moment of its introduction? Might not the thanksgiving of the devout have had a happier inspiration, if the prohibition laid upon the trigger-finger of the Carolinian had been previously laid upon his tongue? We think so at least, and shall accordingly withhold our enthusiasm, until the delinquent light of the Church furnish the fruits meet for repentance. At present the reputation of Mr. Rhett for courage and Christianity is at a sorry discount.—*N. Y. Times*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

*** *All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

†|† *Donations to the Treasury of the* AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY *may be forwarded to* FRANCIS JACKSON, *Treasurer, at Boston; or to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 11, 1852

PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES.

THE time is at hand, yea and it now is, when the sole talk of men and the only matter of Editors, is to be President-making. Why should not we take one turn at it? We, who have the very best place on the Grand Stand and have no stakes at risk, are much better judges of the chances of the Race than are the sporting-gentlemen with their betting-books in the ring, or the jockeys on the horses' backs. Accordingly, if the Anti-Slavery papers should be searched, it will be found that they have always foretold which would be the favourite racers, how they would range alongside of each other, and which would win the Presidential Cup. It would be worth the while of any enterprising politician to keep an Abolitionist, as the kings and great lords of the middle ages used to keep an Astrologer. The one knows much better than the other ever did how to observe the signs of the times, to mark the changes in the political firmament, to judge whether Mars or Mercury is in the ascendant in the House of Life, and to cast the horoscope of dubious aspirants. For they ground their conclusions on fixed laws of human nature, and prophecy from the fullness of a foregone experience. Therefore their predictions are sure to come true. Their "Old Experience" has attained not to something only, but to a great deal of a "prophetic strain." Wherefore, any office-holder or office-seeker, curious to know what is to come to pass, cannot do a wiser thing than to consult them. The very least that we can advise such an one to do is, to take the *Standard* or the *Liberator*. For we can tell them that they will find there not merely suggestive hints as to events near at hand, but, also, the anticipated sentence of Posterity on the name and deeds of their political idols. In those magic mirrors they may discern the bestial divinity they serve, stripped of the factitious glitter of to-day, his altars cold, his incense exhaled, his adorers dumb,

"Maimed his brute image, head and hands lopt off
In his own temple, on the grunsel edge,
Where he fell flat, and sham'd his worshippers!"

And yet we rather think that Cotton Mather himself would hardly hang us for witches, if he were well-informed of the method and the materials of our divination. It is nothing more marvellous than is that daily miracle which causes us to see what is before our eyes when we open them. The difference between the Abolitionist and his neighbours is not so much in the superior sharpness of his natural sight, as it is in the circumstance that it *is* natural; that he looks through no distorting or exaggerating medium; that his "visual nerve" has been "purged with euphrasy and rue," and sees things and men as they really are. His advantage is that of a man of ordinary acquaintance with a mixed game of chance and skill, who looks over the shoulders of the players, without interest in the stake, in judging of the chances of the various competitors. What event in our history for the last twenty years have they not predicted? The designs on Texas were discerned and put on record, when the whole country, North and South, were unanimous in disclaiming them. The inevitable necessity of the Mexican war, and its necessary issues, were beheld and proclaimed afar off. Even as they did not fear to prophecy that Slavery would alight upon New Mexico and Utah, in spite of "the laws of physical geography and of Asiatic scenery," and as they even now see its vulture eye gorging itself with the near and certain prey of Cuba. And even though their vaticinations seemed to be disappointed in the rescue of California from its gripe by the extraordinary infusion of New England blood into its body politic, it seems that we are like to have half our prediction, at least, fulfilled, by the division of the State for Slaveholding purposes. The child is to be hewn asunder so that the harlot may have her half—if she be denied the whole—of what had never belonged to her at all.

The fact is, we have a Clue which is sure to disentangle for us the mazes of our political labyrinth. Wherever we may lay hold of one end of it, however far it may seem to be from any such connection, we are sure to find Slavery at the other. This is the Key to all our mysteries, the Solution of all apparent Enigmas, the explanation of all puzzles, however problematical. A black thread has run through the whole tissue of our history; or, rather, a black ground-work underlies the whole and gives foundation and consistence to the whole fabric. It has been ever so; but it has not been always seen to be so. At times, as when Louisiana was purchased and erected into a State, and when Missouri entered the Sisterhood with the dowry of Slaves, an instinctive feeling seemed to pervade the torpid North as to the power and designs of Slavery. But it was not until the Abolitionists organized themselves into a corps of observation and, without hoping or fearing anything from the predominant power of the land, set itself to the work of watching and exposing the arts and machinations of the Slaveholders, that they were reduced to an exact Science, which every one may understand, if he will. The Abolitionists have not created the political element of Slavery—though one might think so, to hear some politicans talk. They have only explained and demonstrated it. Every President, from Washington, inclusive, who has had his two terms, has been so because of his holding of Slaves, and the two Adamses were successively cut short in their mid career, because they lacked the support of this element of power. It was not seen so distinctly then, as now; but it was the Slaveholding influence that predominated in all those elections, and which, when a Northern man, by mischance, obtained the Chair, gave itself neither sleep to its eyes nor slumber to its eyelids until it had toppled him down.

We are now on the brink, or rather in the midst, of another Presidential canvass—for when are we ever out of one? All the aspirants are in the field, and what is the instinctive action of every one of them? To assure the Slave Power of his fidelity to it, and of the security with which it can repose its interests in his hands? This has always been necessary, but it was done tautly and was taken for granted, before the Abolitionists made a public Confession of Faith essential to political Salvation. General Cass has been instant, in season and out of season, in making his Calling and Election sure. Mr. Fillmore has only to point to his signature to the Fugitive Slave law, as Manlius to the Capitol, to give grateful assurance of his self-devotion to his country. General Butler has just performed his act of homage, to be seen and known of all men, as his sufficient qualification for a Democratic Nomination. General Scott has not yet made his sign; but it is believed that it is all his prudent partizans can do to hold him back until the accepted time from throwing his sword, as the Conquerer of Mexico for Slavery, into the trembling scale of Whig uncertainties. As to poor Mr. Webster, has he not made a very mountebank of himself, and carried his wares to almost every market-place, so he might pass them off as current? Has he not, like a skilful quack, made the Union think itself in danger, so that it might believe itself cured by his nostrums? Or, rather, has he not done, what neither M. Pargon or Dr. Last ever attempted, persuaded the patient to make believe he sick in order that his services might be required and rewarded? But, alas for him, though willing to be *Malade Imaginaire* for its own purposes, it hath no design of bestowing on him the substantial rewards of the reputed case. At the best, he can only hope to be the starved apothecary that will hold the gallipots while Dr. Fillmore pockets the fee. He will find that two failures, like the Conventions in Faneuil and Metropolitan Halls, do not make a Success.

We have said that the Abolitionists have no difficulty in predicting who will be President; and they deserve no great credit for their discernment. For be the corporeal substance that fills the Presidential throne whose it may, the vital and informing spirit is and must be Slavery. Though the hands may be the hands of Esau, the voice must be the voice of Jacob. It so happens, to be sure, that it is not unlikely that both the candidates will be Northern men. But they will be Northern men of the very Southernmost principles. We cordially hope that in the possible divergencies of opinion which may prevail in the Democratic Convention, it may vouchsafe to us another Polk. Commend us to an open, aboveboard, holder of Slaves and defender of Slavery, for our master. Let us have the Sultan and not the Pacha, the Great King and not the Satrap, to rule over us. If the Democrats manage this card skilfully, it will give them the game. Slaveholders are the natural and proper Presidents of the United States. Their claim is of Right Divine, or Diabolical—according as you choose to trace the origin and tutelage of your institutions. A tyrant is better than a sycophant for a master. O, for one hour of Andrew Jackson! He was worth a wilderness of Harrisons and Fillmores and Websters and Scotts. But whosesoever may be the hand that will sign Bills and Proclamations for four years from the Fourth of March next ensuing, the heart will be one true to Slavery. It should be so. It belongs to our Institutions, to our Traditions. Can it ever be otherwise? Not while Slavery is an element of our polity. It must either rule or die; and it will die hard.—E. Q.

THE WEBSTER MEETING.

MR. WEBSTER'S friends gathered together, on Friday evening last, at Metropolitan Hall, to nominate their leader for the Presidency. The papers say that the meeting was as large as could be expected in such inclement weather; as the evening, however, happened to be one of the pleasantest that we have had since last Autumn, it was intended, no doubt, to refer to an inclemency which pervades the political atmosphere, and which seems to threaten a blight of the crop of this particular sower in the Presidential field. But if the meeting was not large, it seems agreed on all hands that it was very respectable, so far, at least, as that fact could be tested by the unexceptionable character of the coats and hats assembled. It was composed of that class who are seen in and about Wall Street in the day time, and who, when they sleep at home, never sleep below Bleecker.

There were one or two speeches made at the meeting, of due order, and a series of Resolutions were duly offered and duly passed; and they were all remarkable for one thing, and one only. Why the candidate of the meeting looked to be elected President, what claims he had upon the gratitude of his country, and why he should confidently look for this reward from his grateful countrymen, were themes which apparently never occurred to any body present. Enough was said in general terms, but the terms were very carefully general. Nobody told of the perils to the Union which he had averted; nobody avowed how he had conquered his prejudices at the bidding of the great Expounder of the Constitution; nobody referred to the 7th of March, to Henry Long, to George Sims, to Miller, of Pennsylvania, and to a score of other persons and incidents which have been so many white days, within the last two years, to mark the dangers we have passed through, and to which we owe it that we are not already a wrecked nation. The meeting dealt only in the most common-place praise and declaration, recommended the nomination of Mr. Webster as one fit to be made, and went home, every member of it, in a state of perfect calmness, doubtless to a game supper.

THE REV. DR. COX, of Brooklyn, being a distinguished public character, has, most of our readers are probably aware, recently sailed for the West Indies for his health. That he may find what he has gone for we should most ardently desire for other reasons than on the score of humanity. Our national amusements are few enough, and in losing him we should lose one of the most entertaining. It is a common saying that "the fools are not all dead yet"; a gloomy and universal apprehension would prevail, in case of any accident to this reverend gentleman, that that race was about to become extinct, or that, at least, in the loss of the chiefest and most remarkable among them, they would never again be able to achieve distinction. It is not every age that can produce a Cox. He is among his fellows what Rabelais is among the wits. The spirit of absurdity and vanity never before so took possession of any man. Such perfect abandonment to utter foolishness, such magnificent self-inflation, such reckless disregard of common sense, such windy abuse of mother-tongue, and such complete reliance upon overwhelming nonsense, approaches almost to the sublime.

The Rev. Dr. has written a farewell letter to Anson G. Phelps, Esq., an extract from which, embodying the parting declaration of the writer upon Webster and Colonisation, that gentleman has had the hardihood to send to the *Journal of Commerce*, and the *Journal* has had the hardihood to print. We should consider that we had forfeited what little title we may have to editorial competency, if we did not copy it—from "Rusurban" to Cox. It readeth thus:

RUSURBAN, BROOKLYN, Tuesday, Feb. 24, 1852.
Late at night.

MY DEAR SIR: In reply to your kind invitation for the 27th inst., I am to inform you that, in consequence of bronchial and and pulmonary maladies, I am under medical sentence of banishment from the country, and expect, ere then, to be afloat, in the brig Pedrazza, Capt. Dorritie, for the port of Nassau, New Providence, the capital of the Bahama Isles, in the dominions of the British Queen. Our excellent Consul there, T. Darling, Esq., is my personal friend, whose esteem for me is in conscious accord with 1 Cor. 4: 15; so that I shall not be so far from home as one might suppose, at least not in every sense or way, in lat. 25 29 and lon. 73 34.

This is the exponent of my absence—on an occasion that would otherwise attract and command my presence; so that my sincere regrets will be, by you and others, accepted as no mere sacrifice to form, in this expression of them.

Please commend me, very respectfully, to your distinguished guest, and assure him of the conscious privation I suffer, that I can neither hear, nor see him on this visitorial occasion. The necessity seems stern; but I submit to the relegation, as the result both of skill and benevolence—while, in the higher sense, is it, I trust, the kind award of my Heavenly Father, for my good. I hope, by the will of God, to return in April.

I pray God to sustain and prosper the health and usefulness of our great nation's Secretary of State. His services have been timely, wise, adapted and incomparable. No one, perhaps, could appreciate their worth, if I might speak so extravagantly, more profoundly than I do. And much I hope, espec

☞ The (Glasgow) *British Friend* thus speaks of the course of Governor Kossuth since his arrival in this country, and the attitude which the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society saw fit to assume in relation to that course. We think some of the gentlemen connected with that Committee will yet see cause to regret the letter which accompanied their Address to Kossuth. We should be sorry to have to feel that he might look to any Society that we were connected with to sanction the flattering speech he made, the other day, to the slaveholding Kentuckians. But the *British Friend* says:

Kossuth and Slavery.—As we more than feared, the Hungarian patriot has bowed down before the slave power of America. In short, he seems to have had his mind previously made up, that his lips should be sealed regarding the wrongs of three and a half millions of his oppressed and degraded coloured brethren. Pity it is, also, that men calling themselves *Anti-Slavery* should try to find an excuse for such dishonourable compromise. This, we think, cannot fail to be the opinion of our readers in view of the conduct pursued by certain Abolitionists in New York, who have even their apologists in our own country.

FIRST ANNUAL MEETING
OF THE
Old Saratoga District Anti-Slavery Society.

The Society, assembled according to previous notice, in the Congregational Church at Union Village, on Tuesday, Feb. 24th, 1852, at 2 P. M.

The President (Dr. H. Corliss) remarked, on taking the Chair, that we recognised the Higher Law, and he would therefore read some extracts from it. He then read appropriate and striking passages of Scriptures. He observed that we acknowledged our dependence on the common God and Father of all, and if any one felt inclined, vocally, to address the Throne of Grace, opportunity was offered. C. S. Shattuck impressively engaged in prayer.

The Annual Report was then read by the Secretary, and on motion, was accepted and ordered to be printed with the proceedings.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison was then introduced to the meeting, and addressed us in a course of remarks which did not bring down "thunders of applause," as we are a people not much accustomed to such demonstrations; but the only demonstrations were a deeply interested, and, we trust, approving attention.

After some brief but able remarks from Parker Pillsbury, the following persons were appointed on a Business Committee, viz: Samuel Wilbur, Leonard Gibbs, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Eliza M. Shove, Henry H. Mosher, Hiram Corliss and Deborah L. Wilde.

A Committee was named to propose officers for the Society for the ensuing year, to wit: Isaac Griffin, Sarah H. Wilde, Francis M. Tobey, Phebe T. Wilbur.

Adjourned till evening.

TUESDAY EVENING.

An address was read by Eliza M. Shove, which, it is hoped, she will prepare for publication.

After listening to able and cogent addresses from our friends Garrison and Pillsbury, the meeting adjourned till half-past 9 next morning.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

The meeting was addressed by Parker Pillsbury in a bold, vigourous and stirring exposition of the force of Moral Power. Mr. Garrison followed in a noble vindication of the Anti-Slavery Cause from the attacks of its foes.

The Business Committee reported a series of Resolutions, which were accepted and laid on the table for the present. Adjourned till 2 P. M.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.

The Committee on Officers reported as follows:

President.

HIRAM CORLISS, Greenwich, Washington Co.

Vice Presidents.

Joseph W. Peckham, Easton, Washington Co.
Jonathan Wilde, Quaker Springs, Saratoga Co.
John Wilbur, North Easton, Washington Co.

Secretary.

Samuel Wilbur, North Easton, Washington Co.

Treasurer.

Joe Wilbur, North Easton, Washington Co.

These nominations were confirmed, *nem. con.*

Mr. Pillsbury went into a most powerful disquisition to exhibit the fallacy of relying on political instrumentalities to effect any great reform. He was followed by Mr. Garrison in a scathing exposure of the atrocious and hypocritical Colonisation Scheme. He also spoke of "harsh language," and showed most conclusively that our opponents care less for the mann r than the matter. It is the Truth they fear.

Adjourned till evening.

CLOSING SESSION—WEDNESDAY EVENING.

The Committee to arrange the holding of meetings for the next quarter were chosen as follows: Isaac Griffin, John Wilbur, Joseph W. Peckham, Rufus A. Lamb, Deborah Wilde, Hiram Corliss.

Committee to procure and circulate Anti Slavery books and pamphlets: Leonard Gibbs, Eliza M. Shove, Amy H. Corliss, Phebe Wilbur, Wm R. Shepherd.

The Resolutions were then taken up and passed.

Mr Garrison addressed the meeting at considerable length on several aspects of the great question before us. His speech was a most noble and splendid effort, clear, specific, explanatory and convincing.

After a few remarks by Mr. Pillsbury, and an earnest appeal by the chairman to any who felt dissatisfaction on account of the sentiments we had heard, to come out and express their dissatisfaction now, Mr. Shattuck followed in earnest supplication that the good seed which had been sown might take root and grow; and that the blessing of heaven might rest on our efforts in the great cause of Emancipation.

The meeting then adjourned, and its members separated, we trust, with grateful feelings for the season of joyous refreshing we had experienced together, and with hearts and hands strengthened to meet the toils and conflicts which may lie before us.

HIRAM CORLISS, *President.*

Samuel Wilbur, *Secretary.*

Will the *Liberator* please copy.

RESOLUTIONS.

1. Resolved, That the Anti Slavery enterprise is pre-eminently a religious movement. By the term 'religious,' we do not mean that it is devoted to the advocacy of any particular theological creeds or confessions, forms or ceremonies; but we mean that it is founded on the highest and holiest impulses operating in human nature. We mean that it springs from that great principle on which is based all rational devotion, all consistent piety, all true religion, love to God and love to man.

2. Resolved, That we should adopt the same policy, in our contest with Slavery, that Benhadad pursued towards Ahab in the battle at Ramoth-Gilead, when he said, "Fight neither with small nor great, save only with the King of Israel." So we would not stop to encounter "Fugitive" Laws or "Slavery Extension" merely, but direct our weapons to the monster Tyrant himself; and if sects and parties, ecclesiastics and politicians would not be smitten by the arrows of Fact and Truth, let them not act as the body-guard of Slavery; let them not stand between him and the Anti-Slavery host.

3. Resolved, That, if it be our duty to "open our mouths for the dumb, and plead the cause of him who hath none to help him"—if the "fast which God has chosen be to undo the heavy burdens and let the oppressed go free"—if it be incumbent on us to "remember them that are in bonds as being bound with them," and if it be "lawful to do good on the Sabbath day," it cannot be an improper use of that one day in seven, which is generally regarded as specially designed for holy purposes, to devote a portion of it to pleading the cause of the poorest of God's poor.

4. Resolved, That it is the imperative duty of woman, notwithstanding the scoffs of public opinion, to use every endeavour to undo the heavy burdens and "let the oppressed go free," and to "cry aloud and spare not," so long as man shall claim the prerogative of holding property in man; and that no woman is entitled to the name of a Christian or a Philanthropist who can silently fold her arms, or, like the "Priest and the Levite, pass by on the other side," while three millions of human beings, whom God has created "but a little lower than the angels," are held, in this professedly free and enlightened land, as Property, as chattel slaves, bought and sold to the highest bidder, regardless of the sacred ties of family relation, and denied the privilege of reading even the name of the God that made them.

Whereas, there is now before the Legislature of this State a proposition to appropriate a large amount of the State funds, annually, for the purpose of removing the free coloured people to Liberia, and thus to cherish and stimulate an unnatural and wicked prejudice against that persecuted class and to strengthen and perpetuate the system of Slavery; therefore,

5. Resolved, That this Society earnestly registers its testimony against any such appropriation, as an act utterly illegal and unconstitutional, an exercise of power not delegated to the Legislature, and an exhibition of a proscriptive spirit, as mean and gratuitous as it is cruel and monstrous

6. Resolved, That the right of the coloured population to remain in this country, to claim it as theirs, to enjoy the same rights, immunities and privileges, as all others, is not to be denied or doubted, but asserted and defended under all circumstances and at whatever odds.

7. Resolved, That complexional prejudice is not founded in nature, is not sanctioned by reason, is not supported by any Historical evidence, but is the natural offspring of Slavery, and to be reproved and repudiated as cruel and anti-Christian.

Whereas, the Colonisation scheme is urged forward, in some cases, as a project for the benefit and ultimate emancipation of the slave, and thus prevents many honest friends of humanity from mingling their sympathies with the true and earnest labourers for the Abolition of Slavery, while, in other quarters, it is unblushingly held forth as tending to give strength and security to the "Peculiar Institution," and enhance the value of slave property: While its advocates tell you the coloured people in this country are so ignorant, vicious and degraded, "you can't make any thing of them;" that, in fact, they are incapable "of taking care of themselves;" and, in the next breath, they urge you to contribute your money, personally, or be taxed by the State, to colonise them to Liberia, as they are abundantly qualified to accomplish the Herculean task of diffusing the light of civilization, Christianity and refinement through dark benighted Africa: While the Colonisation leaders profess a world of sympathy for the coloured man, and at the same time use their whole influence to blight his hopes, destroy his usefulness and crush his nobler aspirations: Therefore,

8. Resolved, That a combination of more diabolical injustice, shameless fraud, and base hypocrisy, than is to be found in the Colonisation movement, is not to be found in the annals of human depravity.

FIRST ANNUAL REPORT OF OLD SARATOGA DISTRICT ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

On the first Anniversary of our existence as a Society, it may not be amiss to glance over the events of the year which has just closed, and take a brief survey of our progress and our present position.

When the Convention met here last year, no Association existed in this section of a strictly Anti-Slavery character. There was more or less of Anti-Slavery feeling in different localities; but there seemed to be wanting some means to unite and concentrate that feeling and give it power and efficiency. In the hope of meeting that want, this Society was organized. It was based on a broad and liberal foundation. It was not limited to moral or political or ecclesiastical action. It required but a single test of its members, and that was the avowal of an honest opposition to Slavery and a willingness to labour faithfully for its removal. It recognised Propagandism as its great and leading work. It sought to rectify public opinion, to imbue the minds of the people with correct views on the great theme of Human Rights; satisfied that, in a community thus enlightened, Slavery would disappear just as naturally as darkness vanishes before the rising sun.

Formed as our Association was, at the close of a Convention, in which we had been thrilled and electrified by the burning eloquence of Freedom's dauntless champion, George Thompson, it would not be surprising if an enthusiasm had been felt at the moment which grew cold on encountering the chilling indifference of blind selfishness, or the dark frowns of bigotted conservatism. We are cheered, however, with the confidence that with many, if not most, of our members, the feeling which prompted us was deeper than a momentary excitement or a love of novelty or notoriety.

In surveying the action we have taken during the past year, though we may be compelled to acknowledge we have fallen far short of doing what we would wish others to do on our behalf, were we in the place of our down-trodden brethren, yet we think it may be said we have not been wholly idle.

For a number of years, the Congregational Church at Union Village had held a monthly concert for prayer for the Slave, in which opportunity was given for remarks, on the general subject of Slavery, from such as felt disposed to speak. A meeting had also been held monthly, for some time, at a private house in Easton, for free Anti-Slavery discussion. These meetings have been continued, and have generally been attended by a considerable number of our members, with interest and satisfaction. About the first of May last, the Society resolved to hold meetings, as far as practicable, every Sabbath. Two meetings in each month were already established, as above mentioned. A meeting was, soon after, established in the town of Saratoga, which has been regularly sustained, monthly, in school-houses. For some time past, a meeting has been held, monthly, in the South part of Easton, most of the time in a school-house, but occasionally in a Methodist church, at present unoccupied by that Society. Three meetings were held at a school-house in Cambridge, one in a similar building in Greenwich, one in the Friends' Meeting house in Pittstown, and an evening meeting in the Baptist Church at Galesville. Though eloquent appeals or set speeches have been by no means an invariable accompaniment of these meetings, yet we trust there has been a tendency to awaken the public mind, and lead to an investigation of the subject. Even those who refuse to attend the meetings often get facts and statements at second hand, that lead them to think and speak for or against, all which aids in agitating the question.

If any had expected to take a faithful stand against the overshadowing evils of Slavery without encountering opposition, or had supposed that all who claim to be "as much opposed to Slavery as any body" would rush to our aid the moment we grappled with the monster, such expectants have been doomed to disappointment.

It is not a little amusing to listen to the various objections made to the Anti-Slavery enterprise, and the excuses for standing aloof with folded hands. While one exclaims "I don't like your Garrisonianism, I can't go this No-Government, Non-resistance doctrine," the Quaker can see nothing in all our movements but "the working of the War spirit." While the Orthodox professor turns away horrified at our "Infidelity" and "Hicksite Quakerism," the professed follower of Fox and Penn exhorts his brethren to "beware of mingling with this Abolition; it is leading right into Priestcraft." We are sometimes reminded of the boy who, when his father whipped him, exclaimed, "You strike too low;" and as the lash next reached him, he vociferated, "You strike too high." Hence, the father concluded the real difficulty was, he did not like to be whipped at all. So, we can hardly fail to suspect the real scruple, with these objectors, arises not so much from any dissatisfaction with our mode of action as from an unwillingness that any effective action should be taken on the subject, or that these objections are mere subterfuges to excuse their own supineness and indifference, in view of the great struggle now going on between Freedom and Slavery.

A Committee, appointed by the Society, at its Quarterly Meeting in August last, raised funds, by subscription, and procured a good supply of Anti-Slavery books and pamphlets, which they were directed to dispose of, by sale, gift or loan, as they should deem proper. Our President has also procured, recently, by subscription, 100 copies of Charles Beecher's Sermon on the Fugitive Slave Law. The distribution of these works can hardly fail to aid in the diffusion of light and truth.

We have some around us who have fled from Southern "contentment and happiness;" and although a Postmaster in this vicinity, soon after the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law, expressed the opinion that those who had been "stall-feeding runaway niggers" would soon be called to a reckoning, yet we are happy to say no attempt has yet been made by our kidnapping Government or its emissaries to re-enslave them. And we hope and trust that the sentiment in this community is known to be such that no bloodhound Commissioner or Marshal will wish to be seen

"Baying on their track."

From the brief and imperfect survey which we have taken of the past, we feel that there is encouragement to persevere and press onward. Justice, Equity and Right, Mercy, Truth and Love, are on our side; and if these, the great attributes of Deity, are with us, what have we to fear.

In conclusion, let us say to all, sustain faithfully the stern radical principles of Right; make no compromises with Wrong and Error.

"Stand for the Right, in calm or in the storm;
Stand for the Right, through good report or ill;
In adverse clouds or in the sunshine warm,
Stand for the Right, and all shall yet be well."

Communications.

Notes and Comments, Observations and Reflections, Scenes and Sketches, Gleanings by the Way-side, &c, &c.

BY AN ANTI-SLAVERY LECTURER.

NO. VII.

Cattaraugus, Gowanda, N. Y., Feb 4, 1852.

Gowanda, where we now are, is, I believe, the Indian name for a village of about one thousand inhabitants, half a dozen of whom claim to be Abolitionists. *Claim* to be, did I say? Do not all men claim to be Abolitionists? Why, Silver Greys and Hunkers, pro-Slavery Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, &c., and even the Fugitive Slave Law Statesmen, and D.D.'s, the lowest type of humanity—moral worth-wise—known to this sphere, with one accord declare themselves "*as much Abolitionists as anybody.*" I said *all* men claimed to be Abolitionists. I referred to the *North* of course; and besides, I meant to admit the truth of the saying, "All are not *men* who wear the *human form.*" Occasionally, a God-forsaken creature, in the shape of a man, or a *woman* even, is so lost to all sense of *shame*—the very last thing the human being looses—as to not even claim, under any circumstances, to be an Abolitionist. I never stop to talk with such people, or creatures, rather. I never try to convert them.

There is one school in Theology which teaches that God made the world out of nothing. Another teaches that the world made itself out of nothing. Now, not being a Theologian, it would not become me to say which of these two schools is right, if either is. They may, for aught I know, both be right, though that would seem nearly as impossible as that either should be. But then, you know that with Theology, *all* things are possible. But whether one or the other of these theories is correct, or even admitting that they both are, it does not by any means follow that you can make an *Abolitionist* out of nothing. That is an *utter impossibility*, Theology or no Theology. It *can't* be done. To make *such* an article, you *must* have the material. And there is no sense in spending time and breath in attempting what cannot, in the nature of things, be accomplished.

But I was speaking of Gowanda. This village is situated on each side of the Cattaraugus Creek, which forms the line of Cattaraugus and Erie Counties at this point. It was formerly called Lodi. "God's people" have erected two houses of worship, which look white and very well, if not beautiful, on the outside; I did not get a chance to see the inside. This speaks tolerably well for the worshipping propensities and liberality of the good, pious people of this place. The proof, if any is needed, that these are the people of God, is found in the fact that both of these houses are closed against the outraged and plundered slave. None but God's people ever reach such a sublime elevation of Simon-pure Sanctification, as to shame the attempts of the most fiendish monsters in the lower regions, to shun the least appearance of sympathy for the scourged and bleeding victims of unbridled oppression. (I mean our God, that is, the *American* God, of course) I am told that, by the earnest efforts of a few of the friends here, Miss Holley was allowed to speak in the School house last fall, but some of the managers have grown more pious since then; have, probably, been made the happy recipients of a fresh outpouring of the spirit, in answer to the prayers of the church, and now even that cannot be obtained.

We held two evening meetings here, in the upper room of the Temperance Hotel, obtained for us by Mr. Joseph Plumb, the only *radical* Abolitionist I had the pleasure of conversing with in this place. There are, I am told, two or three others, who are radically opposed to the Slaveocracy; but I should judge, from the appearance of things, that they are not actively engaged in the Anti-Slavery cause. Our meetings here were thinly attended. Not one of the "spiritual guides," so far forgot the dignity of his holy calling, as to honour us with his presence. True to their instincts, the hireling priests fled to their coverts, leaving such of their flocks as lacked prudence and foresight, to rush unprotected and undefended into the terrible jaws of Abolitionism. Most of the audience, especially the second evening, consisted of quite young people—the lambs of the flock, who have not become sufficiently familiar with the voice of their Shepherd, to distinguish it from afar. These come at our call, and their cowardly keepers skulked away and left them unprotected and helpless, to perish in our merciless grasp. What better evidence than this is needed to prove them *hirelings?* The hireling will flee from the face of danger, but the true Shepherd will give his *life* for the sheep. What detestable moral cowards do these boasting captains and generals in the *army of Salvation* become, when the enemy is to be *faced*. See them in the camp, the scouts constantly coming in with the reports that not a trait of the enemy is to be seen, for miles around, and how valiant they are. With what a grand flourish of trumpets do they appear before the admiring soldiers. How dexterously do they wield the sword of controversy. Having girded on the whole armour of God, and chosen for their weapon the sword of Truth, with what bravery do they attack the foe; how fearless they are; how easily do they overthrow their opponents. But lo! a runner enters the camp, pale and breathless, from exertion and fright. The advance guard of the enemy is approaching, in the direction of the camp. The thunder of their Artillery is even now pealing along the plains of an adjoining town. What a change takes place in a moment. Consternation and wild affright take the place of pompous and pious bonsting, instanter. In the twinkling of an eye, these redoubtable commanders throw down their trusty weapons, pile the whole armour of God upon their backs (if we may be allowed to judge by their willingness to expose them), and flee like frightened deer, to reach the shelter of their impregnable fortresses, calling upon their panic-stricken soldiers as they run, to follow, and leaving those who do not hear or understand the order, to surrender at discretion or perish. O shame!

But I am getting ahead of my story, that is, I have skipped over nearly a whole town, which deserves to be favourably noticed.

Leaving Ashford, we crossed over into the town of Collins, Erie County, where we intended to spend a few days, but unfortunately were detained by sickness several weeks. In a few days after our arrival at Collins Centre, we were joined by Mr. A. B. Murch, an Anti-Slavery Lecturer of the Liberty Party stamp, who, having relatives in that section whom he desired to visit, had sent on an appointment; and having no antipathy against Garrisonians, he readily joined us in our revolutionary work. During our stay in this town, a Temperance meeting came off, which was addressed by Professor Bushnell of some place or other. Mr. M. happened to attend the meeting, and on being called out, made some remarks which did not set well on the stomachs of some of the Sons of Temperance present. The substance of his offence, after it was boiled down, was, professedly, that he was *not* a member of this *white* Brotherhood, but subsequently proved to be, in reality, that he *was* an Abolitionist, and was making an effort to disturb the pro-Slavery peace of the community. This was denied of course, but the denial amounted to very little, in the light of the course pursued. Some of the high-minded, courageous, and philanthropic members of the Order, whose sympathy for poor afflicted humanity, with white skin, able body and fair age, knew no bounds, were not only in the habit of voting chains on the limbs of coloured humanity, at the South, but of benevolently and piously excluding from their coloured fellowship, and fraternal regard, coloured humanity at the North; and fearing the miserable hypocrisy of their pretensions would be revealed, in the light of Anti-Slavery truth, they sought and found (for they that seek shall find, whether they seek light or darkness, good or evil) an opportunity to gratify their Slaveocratic instincts, by working against the Anti-Slavery meetings, under the cover of a specious pretence, on the ground that Mr. Murch was not a member of their order, and therefore, not a friend of the Temperance cause. Through the influence of these wolves in sheeps clothing, these opposers of Liberty in the name of Temperance, combined with like influences, out of the Order—that of the Methodist Church and the pro-Slavery Quakers, in particular—together with the very bad weather, which was regarded by these pious souls, no doubt, as a timely interposition of Divine Providence, to save them from the devastating effects of Abolitionism. Our meetings in this part of the town were respectably small. One of them, in particular, very mysteriously to us, at the time, proved an entire failure. We afterwards learned that some of the saints, thinking the cause of truth would be best served by a lie, had reported that our appointment was withdrawn. It is but just to say, however, that some of the Sons of Temperance were heartily ashamed of the disgraceful and cowardly conduct of their titled brethren, and that they made no secret of the matter.

My wife, as soon as able to take the field again, lectured in various parts of the town, to rather larger audiences than Friend Murch and myself were able to call out, though—notwithstanding we are both Woman's Rights men—we are not quite willing to admit that it was on account of her superior ability.

The town of Collins enjoys a much better Anti-Slavery reputation abroad than it deserves. Among the Quakers, who are quite numerous, there are a few Abolitionists; but the majority of them seem to have a much greater love for the Quaker church and the almighty dollar, than for God and humanity. Wrapped snugly in the cloak of self-righteousness, they are altogether unapproachable. Are they not the peculiar, sanctified people of God? Why then should they condescend to take lessons of truth and duty from unsanctified lips? Among the friends who stood ready to render us and the Cause *active* service, I may mention *John Palmerton*, who, under many discouraging circumstances, and in the face of relentless opposition on the part of some of his own household, was instant in season in causing meetings to be appointed, circulating notices, and conveying us to and from meetings while in his section of the town. We are now at the house of Isaac Allen, two miles from the notable village of Gowanda, where we were received with open arms as the heralds of salvation to the oppressed. Here we found an Anti-Slavery family—father, mother, sons, daughters, married and unmarried, and their husbands and wives, as far as I can learn—all Anti-Slavery. Have made this house our head-quarters for a week past, but must leave (much as we regret the necessity of leaving such society) to-morrow, for Perrysburg, where we hope to see the faces of at least a few other friends of our cause

We shall leave this town with the impression on our minds, that, while it contains some of the best Abolitionists we have met, it is, on the whole, in the most hopeless condition of any we have visited. A large proportion of its professed Anti-Slavery is milk and water, and skim-milk and muddy water, at that; and, besides, it is neither cold nor hot—just fit to be spewed out; and, worse yet, its possessors seem to be satisfied with it; and still worse, the rankest pro-slavery people don't seem to be at all dissatisfied with it.

Should any fugitive slave or wayfaring Abolition lecturer ever stray hither, he will find Isaac Allen, Barak Smith, Bernard Cook, Timothy Smith and a few others, ready to harbour, conceal, advise and assist him.

XXXIId CONGRESS.....First Session.

The proceedings of Congress, the past week, have a single point of interest in the renewal of the debate between Messrs. Davis and Rantoul, of Mass. The former gentleman, Mr. Davis, having been long known at home as an Abolitionist, where, for many successive years, he was a Vice President of the old Pioneer Anti-Slavery Society, the State Society of Massachusetts, seems determined to win for himself, in spite of all obstacles, a large share of that sort of renown which belongs to so many of his predecessors, who have only remembered at Washington what they were before they went there to show that they can be any thing else as well as hypocrites.

In the House, on Saturday, the question was stated to be on the passage of the bill, pending which, the House went into Committee of the Whole, on the Homestead bill.

MESSRS. DAVIS AND RANTOUL.

Mr. Davis (Mass.) was entitled to the floor, and it being understood that he intended to reply to Mr Rantoul, many members took seats in the area, the better to listen to him. Much confusion for some time prevailed, succeeded by a silence seldom enjoyed in the hall.

Mr. Davis commenced by saying, on the 10th of January last he had occasion to make some remarks with regard to unjust aspersions on a distinguished citizen of Massachusetts (Mr. Webster). The remarks were replied to, not by the gentleman to whom they were addressed (Mr. Allen), but by another colleague, and the mode of reply was certainly such as to merit some sort of notice from him. With the attack which his colleague (Mr. Rantoul) thought fit to make on his public life, and with the reflections on his past course, he had no fault to find; all he had to say was, that the line of the remark was such as to invite comparison and challenge it, and which he (Mr. Davis) was disposed to institute. There were certain facts which his colleague omitted to notice. By making a skillful disposition of facts—all of them occurring many years ago, when he (Mr. Davis) unquestionably held what, for years past, he has considered extreme views—and by withholding other facts, his colleague had succeeded in causing an erroneous impression in this House, and in the minds of those who do not know all the facts. If my colleague, after showing my course ten or fifteen years ago, had said that, since that period, when I held opinions certainly intolerant and proscriptive, and which I do not intend to justify, I have voted twice for a slaveholding President, and that in 1844 I was elected a Delegate to the Convention, and favoured the election of such a candidate; if he had gone on and said that in my own district, during two trials, I was opposed by the Free Soil party in Massachusetts; if he had said all this, it would not be necessary for me now to notice his remarks. During a life of observation and experience, it would be very singular if we did not sometimes change our views under the light of additional wisdom. This probably will be assented to by my colleague before I finish. A period not longer than three weeks will serve him (laughter). Changes will ever be found both in the minds of Northern and Southern gentlemen. If I am not misinformed, a Southern member on this floor, representing a slaveholding constituency, at one period of his life held opinions similar to those I entertained; but this does not now interfere with his enjoyment of the confidence of a Southern constituency. My colleague has suggested that I have libelled Massachusetts. I only stated certain facts, from which he drew that inference; but if this is true, having contributed to these facts, it is for my colleague and his associates to put their hands to their mouths, and their mouths to the dust, for having given occasion to occurrences which can be thus construed. My colleague said that the coalition between the Democrats and Free Soilers in Massachusetts was a masterly combination; and he said it would be a strange thing if men of different religions could not unite to extinguish a conflagration. Now, suppose one part of the people at the fire should pour on tar, and the other water. This might be a fine thing for them, but the question is, how would it be for the householders and insurance companies? My colleague said, as far as he went, that it was impossible for any one holding the opinions I have held to be capable of sympathizing with a national party—and my colleague, therefore, turned from the coalition to exhibit the ancient fossil remains pertaining to my past opinions. I now propose to follow that comparison with my colleague, which he somewhat imperiously invited, between my course and that suggested. To all the early part of my colleague's history, I am sure I am not disposed to attach much importance. My colleague will remember that, as far back as 1828—before Jacksonism had any distinct name—a few men got together to celebrate the victory at New Orleans—but he took a different view of the subject, and his inspiration broke out in song and poetry, thus:

"Strike the tonga!—blow the hugag!
Let the loud hosanna sound!" [Laughter.]

Mr. Rantoul arose and asked—"On what authority does my colleague attribute that poem to me?"

Mr. Davis—That of the newspapers.

Mr. Rantoul.—I have nothing further to say (laughter).

Mr. Davis—I ask whether I am right?

Mr. Rantoul—I think you are wrong in quoting anything from newspapers on anonymous authority (laughter)—and——

Voices—"Is that true?" "He don't deny it." "Ha, ha!"

Mr. Davis resumed—If this is so decidedly wrong, I suppose my colleague does not intend to follow my example. My colleague does himself less than justice in imputing to me, as I think he does, that in 1840, before the Massachusetts Legislature, I was the first to succeed in introducing and carrying through various resolves relative to the Slavery question: but as far back as 1838 every word and syllable of these Massachusetts resolves were anticipated by my colleague of the Essex District, being a democratic candidate. In a letter dated Gloucester, Nov. 3, 1838, in answer to certain questions, he said he had always regarded Slavery as a curse, and took strong ground in favour of the abolition of Slavery in the District of Columbia and the Territories, and enforced, likewise, the power of Congress over the inter-State Slave Trade. His colleague has gone into political action under the resolution of the Baltimore Platform, which declared that all the efforts of the Abolitionists to induce Congress to interfere with Slavery would lead to alarming and dangerous consequences. In 1843, pending the question of the annexation of Texas, President Tyler appointed my colleague to the Collectorship of Boston, and I therefore suppose that his opinions were in conformity with those of Tyler. In 1844 and 1848 my colleague was a member of the Baltimore Convention, at which the same resolution was passed. Mr. Davis traced Mr. Rantoul through other political windings, and said that his colleague, in May, 1846, was elected a member of a peace society.

Mr. Rantoul (quickly responding)—I was never elected, and never went to a peace society. It was another gentleman of the same name.

Mr. Davis resumed—In a State Convention in 1848, of which his colleague was a member, a resolve was passed somewhat to this effect. "That it is not safe to retain persons in office who entertain doctrines calculated to weaken the Union. This was understood to apply to Governor Morton, who was reported to be in favour of Van Buren. Mr. Davis then spoke of the meeting gotten up in Boston in November, 1850, in favour of sustaining the Compromise measures. His colleague was invited to address the meeting, for he had said he approved of them. The only doubt was, however—as he was running for Congress—whether he had not better decline to express his opinions. In the winter of 1850, a combination was still carried on between the Democrats and Free Soilers. In that bargain a Free Soiler was to be elected to the Senate for six years and a Democrat for six months. My colleague was elected, as one part of the arrangement. I would ask is Colonel Bissel in the house? [Voices, "No."] Is Colonel Richardson here? [Responses, "No."] Is Mr. Ficklin here? ["No."] Is any gentleman from Illinois present? [A voice, "Yes Sir."] I wish to know the character of the Editor of *The Springfield Register?* Is it good or bad?

Mr. Campbell, of Illinois—Good, Sir.

Mr. Davis—On the 1st of Feb., 1851, three weeks before my colleague took his seat in the Senate, he was in Illinois, attending to Railroads before the Legislature. At that time appears an article in the paper, to this effect: "We have seen it charged in the Seward papers, that Mr. Rantoul authorized his name to be used by the Massachusetts Coalition. That gentleman is now in this city, and denies the assertion. He has ever been known as an ultra Democrat, devoted to the Union, and is opposed to the agitations which threaten its existence." I understand that the original of this is now in existence, and the manuscript bears a strong resemblance to that of my colleague (laughter). This, however, may not be the case, as the article further on pays my colleague some compliments and he is too modest a man to speak favourably of himself (laughter). Up to that time my colleague was opposed to coalitionists; three weeks from that time he came here and took his seat in the Senate, thus ratifying that part of the bargain. Having taken up the goods, he was bound to pay for them just as he would for cheese and onions. Mr Davis pursued Mr. Rantoul still further, but the above will give an idea of his speech. In conclusion, he expressed the opinion that the detail of the Fugitive Slave Law may require alteration. He believed, however, that there is an increasing sentiment leading the public mind to settle down on the basis that one part of the Constitution is as binding as another. As to the details, the time has not arrived for making any change in the Fugitive Slave Law. It may come rather in calm than in storm, when the different sections will adopt another mode—namely, the common law mode of compensation.

Mr. Rantoul took notes while the gentleman was speaking, and he may therefore be expected to reply.

Miscellaneous News.

A Slave, who is not a slave, in California, has, it is said, sent to his former mistress in Alabama, a lump of pure gold (now to be seen in Tift's hotel, Mobile,) worth $600.

——A Jamaica journal publishes the appalling and almost incredible account that in the last year 40,000 persons were carried off by the fatal ravages of cholera in that island.

——A writer in *The Washington Union* states that the Atlantic postage in 1851 exceeded that of 1850, by more than two hundred thousand dollars.

——Gov. Ujhazy's daughters, who are highly educated, it is said, may be seen daily at work in the cornfield with a hoe, on their farm, at New Buda Iowa in the spring and summer.

——The editor of the *Providence Journal* says: "It does not follow, we suppose, that a man's christianity is to be measured by the liquor that he drinks."

Perhaps it isn't fair to measure a man's christianity by his liquor; but if people measure their liquor by their christianity, drunkenness would be comparatively rare.—*Burlington Sentinel.*

——A Charitable old lady, named Rosa Dollahan, familiary known as "Aunt Rosa," died lately in Vincennes, Indiana, in the 85th year of age. She had such an antipathy to the male sex that she never held communication with males when she could avoid it. Even her will had to be written by her female friends, to whom she also entrusted the disposal of her property.

——The dog population of the United States is estimated at about two millions, and the expense of keeping them at upwards of $10,000,000 per annum.

——It is said that Governor Kossuth has contracted with some two or three manufacturers in Cincinnati for one thousand saddles, at $12 each.

—— Lola Montez, according to the *Richmond Enquirer*, "is sound on the intervention question," and in favour "of the Southern Rights' Doctrine." Her opinions on the Tariff, a National Bank, International Improvements and the Sub-Treasury have not yet been made public.—*Phil. Bulletin.*

——The President's Message in Verse.—A late number of the Cherokee *Advocate* gives the substance of the President's message in verse, after the manner of the singing geography, adapted to the tune of the "Winding Way." The editor states that these documents are apt to be prosy, and he "has employed a competent poet for the accommodation of that large portion of the public which is horrified at these annual inflictions in their usual shape."

——The Legislature of Vermont, at its recent session, enacted a law forbidding the employment of conductors, engineers, brakemen, or switchmen, "who shall make use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage." If any Company within the State fail to comply with the requirements of the law, they are liable to a prosecution, and a fine of from $300 to $3,000.

——Incendiarism.—On the night of the 9th inst., at about 10 1-2 o'clock, the barn of Samuel Whitson, brother of our well known friends Thomas and Moses Whitson, was burned with all its contents, including nine horses, and six cows. The loss is estimated at probably $3000 a portion of which is understood to be covered by insurance.

This barn was situated some three or four miles north of Christiana, and its destruction is considered in the neighborhood to have been the work of slave-catching incendiaries. It is but a short time since our friend Lindley Coates lost his barn with all its valuable contents in the same way. Thus it is that the advocates of righteousness and humanity are called upon to suffer persecution for their faithfulness, even to the "spoiling of their goods," and while the spirit of Slavery is thus rampant in our midst, rioting in its deeds of infamy and destruction, our Solons at Harrisburg are devising ways and means for giving it greater "facilities!"—*Pa. Freeman.*

——"Who is Thomas Russell?"—The elevated noses of Hunkerdom [says the *Boston Commonwealth*] have for some days been reiterating this interrogation. They have now only to steal something or attempt to *kidnap* somebody and they will get an answer. Thomas Russell, Esq, was yesterday unanimously confirmed in the appointment of Justice of the Police Court of this city, in the place of Judge Merrill, resigned, and he will be inducted into office to-day. And he did'nt get the office as a certain other Judgeship was won, by justifying the Fugitive Slave Law, on the Beautiful plea, that Fugitive Slaves have no right to endanger our peace and safety by taking refuge with us, and *therefore* we *have* a right to give them up to their pursuers when they attempt to do it! He did'nt rise by professing Massachusetts to be weak, cowardly and heartless!

Young Judge Russell lately made a speech at Manchester, N. H., and the Manchester *Democrat*, which reports him, shall tell who and what he is, and a thing or two he said. Will the Boston *Courier* please copy.

"Mr. Russell is a young man of unusual argumentative powers, of clear judgment, and chastened taste. He occupied three-fourths of an hour, in a speech of the utmost clearness, force, and depth of reasoning. He portrayed the revolting and tyrannical features of the Fugitive Slave Law, pointed out its rank violation of the Constitution, and the enormities which had been, and were liable to be practiced under it, in sending freemen into Slavery. He commented upon the sudden abandonment by Mr. Webster of his former views in the Spring of 1850—the decisive effect of his influence in passing the law, and the unavailing attempt of Mr. W to compel the people of Massachusetts to glorify the Compromise."

Receipts for the Standard.

From February 1st to March 1st, 1852.

648	Anti-Slavery Sewing Circle, Cin., O.	$10 00
635	A. O. Swan, Libertyville, Ill.	1 00
658	J. M. Aldrich, Fall River, Mass.	2 00
647	S. Howland, Worcester, Mass.	2 00
662	Timothy Smith, Gowanda, N. Y.	2 00
660	Townsend Cock, Elba, N. Y.	2 00
647	C. Squiers, Lockport, N. Y.	2 00
648	R. Marriott, Standfordville, N. Y.	2 00
604	P. W. Lippett, Woonsocket, R. I.	2 00
662	Stephen Southwick, Gowanda, N. Y.	2 00
662	Wm. H. Palmer, Elmira, N. Y.	2 00
561	James Upton, Victor, N. Y.	5 00
591	E. D. Phelps, Grand Marsh, Wis.	3 00
528	Thomas Brown, Boston, Mass.	2 00
663	Patrick Quin, Millport, N. Y.	2 00
663	R V. Benson, " "	2 00
637	Wm. Parsons, Spencertown, N. Y.	1 00
663	Jonathan Wood, Versailles, N. Y.	2 00
663	Wm. Cooper, Perrysburgh, N. Y.	2 00
592	Wm. Jones, N. Y. City,	2 00
692	Wendell Phillips, Boston, Mass.	2 00
692	Ann T. G. Phillips, " "	2 00
692	George W. Greene " "	2 00
692	Rev. J. C. Phillips, Methuen, Mass.	2 00
692

Miscellany.

NEW DISCOVERIES IN GHOSTS.

ECLIPSES have been ascribed sometimes to the hunger of a great dragon, who eats the sun, and leaves us in the dark until the blazing orb has been mended. Numerous instances are ready to the memory of any one of us, in the illustration of the tendency existing among men to ascribe to supernatural, fantastic causes, events wonderful only by their rarity. All that we daily see differs from these things no more than inasmuch as it is at the same time marvellous and common. We know very well that the moon, seen once by all, would be regarded as an awful sceptre: open only to the occasional vision of a few men, no doubt she would be scouted by a large party as a creation of their fancy altogether.

The list of facts that have been scouted in this way, corresponds pretty exactly to the list of human discoveries, down to the recent improvements in street lighting and steam locomotion. The knowledge of the best of us is but a little light which shines in a great deal of darkness. We are all of us more ignorant than wise. The proportion of knowledge yet lying beyond the confines of our explorations, is as a continent against a cabbage garden. Yet many thousands are contented to believe, that in this little bit of garden lies our all, and to laugh at every report made to the world by people who have ventured just to peep over the paling. It is urged against inquiries into matters yet mysterious—mysterious as all things look under the light of the first dawn of knowledge—why should we pry into them, until we know that we shall be benefitted by the information we desire? All information is a benefit. All knowledge is good. Is it for man to say, "What is the use of seeing?"

We are in the present day upon the trace of a great many important facts relating to the imponderable agencies employed in nature. Light, heat, and electricity are no longer the simple matters, or effects of matter, that they have aforetime seemed to be. New wonders point to more beyond. In magnetism, the researches of Faraday, and others, are beginning to open, in our own way, the Book of Nature, at a page of the very first importance to the naturalist; but the contents of which until this time have been wholly unsuspected. Behind a cloudy mass of fraud and folly, while the clouds shift, we perceive a few dim stars, to guide us towards the discovery of wondrous truths. There are such truths which will hereafter illustrate the connexion, in many ways still mysteries, between the body of man and the surrounding world. Wonderful things have yet to be revealed, on subjects of a delicate and subtle texture. It behoves us in the present day, therefore, to learn how we may keep our tempers free from prejudice, and not not discredit statements simply because they are new and strange, nor, on the other hand, accept them hastily without sufficient proof.

On questionable points, which are decided by research and weight of evidence, it would be well if it were widely understood that it is by no means requisite for every man to form an Ay or Nay opinion. Let those who have no leisure for a fair inquiry play a neutral part. There are hundreds of subjects which we have never examined, nor ever could or can examine, upon which we are all, nevertheless, expressing every day stubborn opinions. We all have to acquire some measure of the philosophic mind, and be content to retain a large army of thoughts, equipped each thought with its crooked bayonet, a note of interrogation. In reasoning, also, when we do reason, we have to remember fairly that "not proven" does not always mean untrue. And in accepting matters on testimony, we must rigidly preserve in view the fact, that, except upon gross objects of sense, very few of us are qualified by training as observers. In drawing delicate conclusions from the complex and most dimly comprehended operations of the human frame observed in men and women, the sources of fallacy are very numerous. To detect and acknowledge these, to get rid of them experimentally, is very difficult, even to the most candid and enlightened mind.

I have no faith in ghosts, according to the old sense of the word, and I could grope with comfort through any amount of dark old rooms, or midnight aisles, or over church-yards, between sun-set and cock-crow. I can face a spectre. Being at one time troubled with illusions, I have myself crushed a hobgoblin by sitting on its lap. Nevertheless, I do believe that the great mass of "ghost stories," of which the world is full, has not been built entirely upon the inventions of the ignorant and superstitious. In plain words, while I, of course, throw aside a million of idle fictions, or exaggerated facts, I do believe in ghosts—or, rather, spectres—only I do not believe them to be supernatural.

That, in certain states of the body, many of us in our waking hours picture as vividly as we habitually do in dreams, and seem to see or hear in fair reality that which is in our minds, is an old fact, and requires no confirmation. An ignorant or superstitious man fallen into this state, may find good reason to tell ghost stories to his neighbours. Disease, and the debility preceding death, make people on their death-beds very liable to plays of this kind on their failing faculties; and one solemnity, or cause of dread, thus being added to another, seems to give the strength of reason to a superstitious feeling.

Concerning my own experience, which comes under the class of natural ghost-seeing above mentioned, I may mention in good faith that, if such phantoms were worth recalling, I could fill up an hour with the narration of those spectral sights and sounds which are most prominent among the illusions of my childhood. Sights and sounds were equally distinct and life-like. I have run up stairs obedient to a spectral call. Every successive night for a fortnight, my childish breath was stilled by the proceedings of a spectral rat, audible, never visible. It nightly, at the same hour, burst open a cupboard door, scampered across the floor, and shook the chair by my bedside. Wide awake and alone in the broad daylight, I have heard the voices of two nobodies gravely conversing, after the absurd dream fashion, in my room. Then as for spectral sights: During the cholera of 1832, I, then a boy, walking in Holborn, saw in the sky the veritable flaming sword which I had learnt by heart out of a picture in an old folio of *Paradise Lost*. And round the fiery sword there was a regular oval of blue sky to be seen through parted clouds. It was a fact not unimportant, that this phantom sword did not move with my eye, but remained for some time, apparently, only in one part of the heavens. I looked aside and lost it. When I looked back, there was the image still. These are hallucinations which arise from a disordered condition of the nervous system; they are the seeing or the hearing of what is not, and they are not by any means uncommon. Out of these there must, undoubtedly, arise a large number of well-attested stories of ghosts, seen by one person only. Such ghosts ought to incite no more terror than a twinge of rheumatism, or a nervous headache.

There can be no doubt, however, that, in our minds or bodies, there are powers latent, or nearly latent, in the ordinary healthy man, which, in some peculiar constitutions, or under the influence of certain agents, or certain classes of disease, become active, and develop themselves in an extraordinary way. It is not very uncommon to find people who have acquired intuitive perception of each others current thoughts, beyond what can be ascribed to community of interest, or comprehension of character.

Zschokke, the German writer and teacher, is a peculiarly honourable and unimpeachable witness. What he affirms, as of his own knowledge, we have no right to disbelieve. Many of us have read the marvellous account given by him of his sudden discovery, that he possessed the power in regard to a few people—by no means in regard to all—of knowing, when he came near to them, not only their present thoughts, but much of what was in their memories. The details will be found in his Autobiography, which, being translated, has become a common book among us. When, for the first time while conversing with some person, he acquired a sense of power over the secrets of that person's past life, he gave of course, but little heed to his sensation. Afterwards, as from time to time the sense recurred, he tested the accuracy of his impressions, and was alarmed to find that, at certain times, and in regard to certain persons, the mysterious knowledge was undoubtedly acquired. Once when a young man at the table with him was dismissing very flippantly all manner of unexplained phenomena as the gross food of ignorance and credulity, Zschokke requested to know what he would say if he, a stranger, by aid of an unexplained power, should be able to tell him secrets out of his past life. Zschokke was defied to do that; but he did it. Among other things he described a certain upper room, in which there was a certain strong box, and from which certain moneys, the property of his master, had been abstracted by that young man; who, overwhelmed with astonishment, confessed the theft.

Many glimmerings of intuition, which at certain times occur in the experience of all of us, and seem to be something more than shrewd or lucky guesses, may be referred to the same power which we find, in the case just quoted, more perfectly developed. Nothing supernatural, but a natural gift, imperceptible to us in its familiar, moderate, and healthy exercise, brought first under our notice when some deranged adjustment of the mind has suffered it to grow into excess—to be, if we may call it so, a mental tumour.

We may now come to a new class of mysteries—which are receiving for the first time, in our own day, a rational solution.

The blind poet, Pfeffel, had engaged, as amanuensis, a young Protestant clergyman, named Billing. When the blind poet walked abroad, Billing also acted as his guide. One day, as they were walking in the garden, which was situated at a distance from the town, Pfeffel observed a trembling of his guide's arm whenever they passed over a certain spot. He asked the cause of this, and extracted from his companion the unwilling confession, that over that spot he was attacked by certain uncontrollable sensations, which he always felt where human bodies had been buried. At night, he added, over such spots he saw uncanny things. "This is great folly," Pfeffel thought, "and I will cure him of it." The poet went, therefore, that very night into the garden. When they approached the place of dread, Billing perceived a feeble light, which hovered over it. When they came nearer, he saw the delicate appearance of a fiery, ghost like form. He described it as the figure of a female with one arm across her body, and the other hanging down, hovering upright and motionless over the spot, her feet being a few hand-breadths above the soil. The young man would not approach the vision, but the poet beat about it with his stick, walked through it, and seemed to the eyes of Billing like a man who beats about a light flame, which always returns to its old shape. For months, experiments were continued, company was brought to the spot, the spectre remained visible always in the dark, but to the young man only, who adhered firmly to his statement, and to his conviction that a body lay beneath. Pfeffel at last had the place dug up, and, at a considerable depth, covered with lime, there was a skeleton discovered. The bones and the lime were dispersed, the hole was filled up, Billing was again brought to the spot by night, but never again saw the spectre.

This ghost story, being well attested, created a great sensation. In the curious book, by Baron Reichenbach, translated by Dr. Gregory, it is quoted as an example of a large class of ghost stories which admit of explanation upon principles developed by his own experiments.

The experiments of Baron Reichenbach do not, indeed, establish a new science, though it is quite certain that they go far to point out a new line of investigation, which promises to yield valuable results. So much of them as concerns our subject may be very briefly stated. It would appear that certain persons, with disordered nervous systems, liable to catalepsy, or to such affections, and also some healthy persons who are of a peculiar nervous temperament, are more sensitive to magnetism than their neighbours. They are peculiarly acted upon by the magnet, and are, moreover, very much under the influence of the great magnetic currents of the earth. Such people sleep tranquilly when they are reposing with their bodies in the earth's magnetic line, and are restless, in some cases seriously affected, if they lie across that line, on beds with the head and foot turned east and west, matters of complete indifference to the healthy animal. These "sensitives" are not only affected by the magnet, but they are able to detect, by their sharpened sense, what we may reasonably suppose to exist, a faint magnetic light: they see it streaming from the poles of a magnet shown to them, in a room absolutely dark; and if the sensibility be great, and the darkness perfect, they see it streaming also from the point of fingers, and bathing in a faint halo the whole magnet or the whole hand. Furthermore, it would appear that the affection by the magnet of these sensitives does not depend upon that quality by which iron filings are attracted; that, perfectly independent of the attractive force, there streams from magnets, from the poles of chrystals, from the sun and moon, another influence to which the discoverer assigns the name of Odyle. The manifestation of Odyle is accompanied by a light too faint for healthy vision, but perceptible at night by "sensitives." Odyle is generated among other things by heat, and by chemical action. It is generated, therefore, in the decomposition of the human body. I may now quote from Reichenbach, who, having given a scientific explanation upon his own principles, of the phenomena perceived by Billing, thus continues:

"The desire to inflict a mortal wound on the monster, Superstition, which, from a similar origin, a few centuries ago, inflicted on European society so vast an amount of misery, and by whose influence not hundreds, but thousands, of innocent persons died in tortures, on the rack and the stake; this desire made me wish to make the experiment, if possible, of bringing a highly sensitive person, by night, to a churchyard. I thought it possible that they might see, over graves where mouldering bodies lay, something like that which Billing had seen. Mademoiselle Reichel had the courage, unusual in her sex, to agree to my request. She allowed me, on two very dark nights, to take her from the Castle of Reisenberg, where she was residing with my family, to the cemetry of the neighbouring village of Grunzing.

"The result justified my expectation in fullest measure. She saw, very soon, a light, and perceived, on one of the grave mounds, along its whole extent, a delicate, fiery, as it were a breathing flame. The same thing was seen on another grave, in a less degree. But she met neither witches nor ghosts. She described the flame as playing over the graves in the forms of a luminous vapour, from one to two spans in height.

"Some time afterwards I took her to two great cemetries, near Vienna, where several interments occur daily, and the grave mounds lie all about in thousands. Here she saw numerous graves, which exhibited the lights above described. Wherever she looked, she saw masses of fire lying about; but it was chiefly seen over all new graves, while there was no appearance of it over very old ones. She described it less as a clear flame than as a dense, vaporous mass of fire, holding a middle place between mist and flame. On many graves this light was about four feet high, so that when she stood on the grave, it reached to her neck. When she thrust her hand into it, it was as if putting it into a dense fiery cloud. She betrayed not the slightest uneasiness, as she was, from her childhood, accustomed to such emanations, and had seen, in my experiments, similar lights produced by natural means, and made to assume endless varieties of form. I am convinced that all who are, to a certain degree, sensitive, will see the same phenomena in cemeteries, and very abundantly in the crowded cemeteries of large cities; and that my observations may be easily repeated and confirmed." These experiments were tried in 1844. A postscript was added in 1847. Reichenbach had taken five other sensitive persons, in the dark, to cemeteries. Of these, two were sickly, three quite healthy. All of them confirmed the statements of Mademoiselle Reichel, and saw the lights over all new graves more or less distinctly; "so that," says the philosopher, "the fact can no longer admit of the slightest doubt, and may be everywhere controlled."

"Thousands of ghost stories," he continues, "will now receive a natural explanation, and will thus cease to be marvellous. We shall even see that it was not so erroneous or absurd as has been supposed, when our old women asserted, as everyone knows they did, that not everyone was privileged to see the spirits of the departed wandering over their graves. In fact, it was at all times only the sensitive who could see the imponderable emanations from the chemical change going on in corpses, luminous in the dark. And thus I have, I trust, succeeded in tearing down one of the densest veils of darkened ignorance and human error.

So far speaks Reichenbach; and for myself, reverting to the few comments with which we set out, I would suggest, that Reichenbach's book, though it is very likely to push things too far—to fancy the tree by looking at the seed—is yet not such a book as men of sense are justified in scouting. The repetition of his experiments is very easy if they be correct. There are plenty of "sensitives" to be found in our London hospitals and streets and lanes. Unluckily, however, though we live in an age which produces, every day, new and marvels, the old spirit of bigotry, which used to make inquiry dangerous in science and religion, still prevails in the minds of too many scientific men. To be incredulous of what is new and strange, until it has been rigidly examined and prove true, is one essential element of a mind seeking enlightenment. But, to test and try new things is equally essential. Because of doubting, to refuse inquiry, is because of hunger to refuse our food. For my own part, I put these matters into the livery of that large body of thoughts already mentioned, which walk about the human mind, armed each with a note of interrogation. This only I see, that, in addition to the well-known explanations of phenomena, which produce some among the many stories of ghosts and of mysterious forebodings, new explanations are at hand which will reduce into a natural and credible position many other tales by which we have till recently been puzzled.—*Dickens' Household Words.*

NUCES LITERARIÆ.....By Friar Lubin.

DR. JOHNSON'S WILL.

THE most remarkable feature about Dr. Johnson's will, consisted in his bequeathing the bulk of his handsome little fortune to Francis Barber, his negro servant. After setting forth one or two small bequests, the will proceeds as follows: "The rest of "the aforesaid sums of money and property, together "with my books, plate, and household furniture, I "leave to the before-mentioned Sir Joshua Reynolds, "Sir John Hawkins, and Dr. William Scott, also, to "be applied, after paying my debts, to the use of "Francis Barber, my man servant, a negro, in such "manner as they shall judge most fit and available."

This will was dated on the 8th of December, 1784; on the following day he prepared a codicil, in which he made several presents of books to some of his most eminent literary friends, and proceeds to add to the bequest of Barber an annuity of some seventy pounds a year, making in all about one thousand five hundred pounds, in addition to the annuity.

It is not a little remarkable that a man who numbered among his intimate acquaintance a larger number than almost any one living, of noble and eminent men, should have selected an obscure negro servant, to receive the most emphatic token he could give of his affection.

This Frank, as he was called, was originally a slave in the island of Jamaica. He was brought to England by Col. Bathurst, the father of one of Dr. Johnson's intimate friends, who by will gave him his freedom. In 1852, he entered the Doctor's service, where he remained, with but one or two brief intervals, until his master's death, a period of twenty-three years. On one occasion he left the Doctor's service in consequence of some slight difference between them, and went into an apothecary's shop, continuing however to visit the doctor occasionally. Soon getting tired of his new employment, he applied for and obtained permission to return to his old master.

On another occasion he took a fancy to enter the naval service, and here he doubtless would have remained, but for the interference of the Doctor, who had a notorious horror of the sea, and believed no one would be a sailor who had contrivance enough to get himself in a jail, for the reason, as he used to say, that being in a ship at sea, was being in a jail with the chance of being drowned. He did not wait therefore to ascertain Frank's wishes, who did not care to leave the service, but imagining that he had been pressed, (which was not the case) applied to Smollett, the novelist, to help the boy out. This led to an application by letter from Smollett, to the celebrated Wilkes. His letter was subsequently published by Wilkes, for some reason now unknown. It may have never attracted the attention of your readers, and therefore I copy it:

CHELSEA, 16th March, 1750.

Dear Sir: I am again your petitioner, in behalf of the great Cham of literature, Samuel Johnson. His black servant, whose name is Francis Barber, has been pressed on board the Stag frigate, Captain Nagel, and our lexicographer is in great distress. He says the boy is a sickly lad, of a delicate frame, and particularly subject to a malady in his throat, which renders him very unfit for his majesty's service. You know what matter of animosity the said Johnson has against you; and I dare say you desire no other opportunity of resenting it than that of laying him under an obligation. He was humble enough to ask my assistance on this occasion, though he and I were never cater-cousins; and I gave him to understand that I would make application to my friend Mr. Wilkes, who, perhaps, by his interest with Dr. Hay and Mr. Elliot, might be able to procure the discharge of his lacquey. It would be superfluous to say more on this subject, which I leave to your consideration; but I cannot let slip this opportunity of declaring that I am, with the most inviolable esteem and attachment, dear sir, your affectionate, obliged, humble servant, T. SMOLLETT.

Wilkes was about the last man in the world to whom Dr. Johnson would have chosen to be under obligation. They were at opposite poles in politics, and Johnson had taken no pains to conceal his individual opinion, that the great agitator would have reason to be grateful, if he got out of this world with no worse punishment than hanging. Wilkes, however, was a far more magnanimous man than Johnson, naturally, and successfully interested himself for Frank's release, who returned to his old quarters, more to the Doctor's gratification than his own.

In taking Barber into his service, the Doctor appears to have had no very distinct motive. Sir John Hawkins, in his journal, says that "Diogenes himself "never wanted a servant less than he seemed to do. "The great bushy wig, which throughout his life he "affected to wear, by that closeness of texture which "it had contracted and been suffered to retain, was "nearly as impenetrable by a comb as a quick set "hedge; and little of the dust that had once settled "on his outer garments, was ever known to have "been disturbed by the brush." But he seemed to feel a special interest in the victims of misfortune of all kinds, and there is no doubt that Frank's colour, for which the world proscribed him, gave him a decided advantage over others who had not that special claim upon his sympathies.

Nor did his interest exhaust itself in providing Frank with a comfortable home, he also sent him to a boarding-school, at an expense of something over £300. While he was at school the Doctor corresponded with him regularly. He concludes one of his letters as follows:

"Let me know what English books you read for "your entertainment. You can never be wise, un-"less you love reading. Do not imagine that I shall "forget or forsake you; for if, when I examine you, "I find that you have not lost your time, you shall "want no encouragement from yours, affectionately,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

In another letter, he tells him to be "a good boy." The poor fellow had then been in the Doctor's employ over sixteen years, was over thirty years of age.

It is not likely that Dr. Johnson would have made any will, but from a desire to provide for this "boy," as he called him. He was infected with a not uncommon superstition, that by making his will, he would hasten the approach of death—to him, if ever to any man, the King of Terrors. Boswell, speaking of this infirmity, says:

"It is strange, however, to think that Johnson was "not free from that general weakness of being averse "to execute a will, so that he delayed it from time "to time; and had it not been for Sir John Haw-"kin's repeatedly urging it, I think it is probable "that his kind resolution (to provide for Frank) "would not have been fulfilled."

Sir John Hawkins, in his biography, gives an interesting account of his wrestling with this superstition, in Johnson, which you may think worth printing:

"After the declaration he had made of his intention to provide for his servant Frank, and before his going into the country, I had frequently pressed him to make a draft of one, with blanks for the names of the executors and residuary legatee, and directing in what manner it was to be executed and attested; but he was exceedingly averse to this business; and, while he was in Derbyshire I repeated my solicitations for this purpose, by letters. When Dr. Johnson arrived in town, he had done nothing in it, and, to what I formerly said, I now added, that he had never mentioned the disposal of the residue of his estate, which, after the purchase of an annuity for Frank, would be something considerable, and that he would do well to bequeath it to his relations. His answer was, 'I care not what becomes of the residue.' A few days after, it appeared that he had executed the draft, the blanks remaining, with all the solemnities of a real will. I could get him no farther, and thus, for some time, the matter rested. His complaints still increasing, I continued pressing him to make a will; but he still procrastinated that business. On the 27th of November, in the morning, I went to his house, with a purpose still further to urge him not to give occasion, by dying intestate, for litigation among his relations; but finding that he was gone to pass the day with the Rev. Mr. Strahan, at Islington, I followed him thither, and found there our old friend Mr. Ryland, and Mr. Hoole.

"Upon my sitting down, he said, that the prospect of the change he was about to undergo, and the thought of meeting his Saviour troubled him, but that he had hope that he would not reject him. I then began to discourse with him about his will, and the provision for Frank, till he grew angry. He told me that he had signed and sealed the paper I left him; but that, said I, had blanks in it, which, as it seems, you have not filled up with the names of the executors. 'You should have filled them up yourself,' answered he. I replied that such an act would have looked as if I meant to prevent his choice of a fitter person. 'Sir,' said he, 'these minor virtues are not to be exercised in matters of such importance as this.' At length, he said, that on his return home he would send for a clerk, and dictate a will to him. You will then, said I, be *inops consilii*; rather do it now. With Mr. Strahan's permission I will be his guest at dinner; and if Mr. Hoole will please to hold the pen, I will, in a few words, make such a disposition of your estate as you shall direct.' To this he assented; but such a paroxysm of the asthma seised him as prevented our going on. As the fire burned up he found himself relieved, and grew cheerful. 'The fit,' said he, 'was very sharp; but I am now easy.' After I had dictated a few lines, I told him that the ancient form of wills contained a profession of the faith of the testator; and that he being a man of eminence for learning and for parts, it would afford an illustrious example, and well become him, to make such a declaration of his belief as might obviate all suspicions that he was any other than a Christian. He thanked me for the hint, and, calling for paper, wrote on a slip, that I had in my hand and gave him, the following words: 'I humbly commit to the infinite and eternal goodness of Almighty God my soul, polluted with many sins; but, as I hope, purified by repentance, and redeemed, as I trust, by the death of Jesus Christ;' and returning it to me, said, 'This I commit to your custody.'

"Upon my calling on him for directions to proceed, he told me that his father, in the course of his trade of a bookseller, had become bankrupt, and that Mr. William Innys had assisted him with money, or credit to continue his business—'This said he, 'I consider as an obligation on me to be grateful to his descendants, and I therefore mean to give £200 to his representative.' He then meditated a devise of his house at Litchfield to the corporation of that city for a charitable use; but, it being freehold, he said 'I cannot live a twelvemonth, and the last statute of mortmain stands in the way: "I must, therefore, think of some other disposition of it.' His next consideration was a provision for Frank, concerning the amount whereof I found he had been consulting Dr. Brocklesby, to whom he had put this question, 'What would be a proper annuity to bequeath to a favourite servant?' The doctor answered that the circumstances were the truest measure, and that, in the case of a nobleman, £50 a year was deemed an adequate reward for many years' faithful service. 'Then shall I,' said Johnson, 'be *nobilissimus*; for I mean to leave Frank £70 a year, and I desire you to tell him so.' And now, at the making of the will, a devise equivalent to such a provision, was therein inserted.'

A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in 1793, nine years after Johnson's death, gives the following sketch of Barber, in a brief visit to Litchfield, the birth-place of the great lexicographer. It is written in the form of a journal:

"Sent for Francis Barber, thirty-five years the humble companion of the late Dr. Johnson; who, with his family, now resides at Litchfield.

"Francis is about forty-eight, low of stature, marked with the small pox, has lost his teeth; appears aged and infirm; clean and neat, but his clothes the worse for wear; a green coat; his late master's clothes, all worn out. He spends his time in fishing, cultivating a few potatoes, and a little reading. He laments that he has lost the countenance and table of Miss S——, (Miss, Seward, the poetess, I presume,) and many other respectable and good friends, through his own imprudence and low connections. He was the companion of Johnson; for as master, he required very small attention: Francis brought and took away his plate at table, and purchased the provisions for the same. But if Francis offered to buckle his shoe, &c., 'No, Francis; 'time enough yet! When I can do it no longer, then you may.'

"He was his companion in the evening when his domestics made a circle round the fire where the Doctor chatted and dictated, 'Why do not you ask me questions?' he said to Francis. 'But I never could take the same liberty with my master as with another person.'

"A companion in his journeys and at Streatham, if Francis preferred Streatham, but when London had more attraction, he returned to London and left his master at Streatham.

"'You never heard your master swear?' "No; the worst word he ever uttered when in a passion, was, 'you dunghill dog.'

"The Doctor would never suffer himself to be *denied*, which often put him to inconvenience when busy; on which occasions he either wrote in the night, or retired into the country.

"Mr. Barber appears modest and humble, but to have associated with company superior to his rank in life. The benevolence of Johnson appears strong in his treatment during life, and in his liberal bequest to him at last. It seems as out of his power to render himself very useful as a servant, yet the Doctor would not cast him off on that account; and when the master was no more, he provided a staff to support him in his stead: besides, Francis is oppressed with a troublesome disorder. I had to regret that my short stay would not admit of a longer conversation."

Barber died in the infirmary at Litchfield, of the disease to which allusion is made in the foregoing extract, in 1801.

Miss Lucy Porter, daughter of Johnson's wife by her first husband, was very much offended that her name did not occur in her step-father's will, but a partial explanation of the omission may be inferred from the fact, that in her own will, made in her lifetime, as appeared at her decease, nothing whatever was left to him.

P. S. Have you ever remarked the resemblance between Joshua Giddings, M. C., from Ohio, and the portraits of Dr. Johnson? It is very striking.—*New York Evening Post.*

THE CONSTANT TIN SOLDIER.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

"THERE were once five-and-twenty Tin-soldiers, all brothers, for they had all been made out of one old tin-spoon. They carried muskets in their arms, and held themselves very upright, and their uniforms were red and blue—very gay indeed. The first word that they heard in this world, when the lid was taken off the box wherein they lay, was 'Tin-soldiers!' It was a little boy who made this exclamation, clapping his hands at the same time. They had been given to him because it was his birth-day, and he now set them out on the table. The soldiers resembled each other to a hair; one only was rather different from the rest, he had but one leg, for he had been made last, when there was not quite tin enough left; however, he stood as firmly upon his one leg as the others did upon their two; and this identical Tin-soldier it is whose fortunes seem to us worthy of record.

"On the table where the Tin-soldiers were set out were several other playthings, but the most charming of them all was a pretty pasteboard castle. Through its little windows one could look in the rooms; in front of the castle some tiny trees, clustering round a little mirror intended to represent a lake, and waxen swans swam in the lake and were reflected on its surface. All this was very pretty, but prettiest of all was a little damsel standing in the open doorway of the castle; she, too, was cut out of pasteboard, but she had on a frock of the clearest muslin, a little sky-blue riband was flung across her shoulders like a scarf, and in the midst of this scarf was set a bright gold wing. The little lady stretched out both her arms, for she was a dancer, and raised one of her legs so high in the air that the Tin-soldier could not find it, and fancied that she had, like him, only one leg.

"'That would be just the wife for me,' thought he, 'but then she is of rather too high rank, she lives in a castle. I have only a box, besides there are all our five-and-twenty men in it—it is no place for her! However, there will be no harm in my making acquaintance with her.' And so he stationed himself behind a snuff-box that stood on the table; from this place he had a full view of the delicate little lady, who still remained standing on one leg, without losing her balance.

"When evening came, all the other Tin-soldiers were put away into the box, and the people of the house went to bed. The playthings now began to play in their turn; they pretended to visit, to fight battles, and give balls. The Tin-soldiers rattled in the box, for they wanted to play too, but the lid would not come off. The nut-crackers cut capers, and the slate-pencil played at commerce on the slate; there was such a racket that the canary-bird waked up, and began to talk too, but he always talked in verse. The only two who did not move from their places were the Tin-soldier and the little dancer; she constantly remained in her graceful position, standing on the point of her foot, with outstretched arms; and as for him, he stood just as firmly on his one leg, never for one moment turning his eyes away from her.

"Twelve o'clock struck—crash! open sprang the lid of the snuff-box; but there was no snuff inside it; no, out jumped a little black Conjuror, in fact it was a Jack-in-the-box.

"'Tin-soldier!' said the Conjuror, 'wilt thou keep thine eyes to thyself?'

"But the Tin-soldier pretended not to hear.

"'Well, only wait till to-morrow!' quoth the Conjuror.

"When the morrow had come, and the children were out of bed, the Tin-soldier was placed on the window-ledge, and whether the Conjuror or the wind occasioned it, all at once the window flew open, and out fell the Tin-soldier, head foremost, from the third story to the ground. A dreadful fall was that! his one leg turned over and over in the air, and at last he rested, poised on his soldier's cap, with his bayonet between the paving stones.

"The maid-servant and the little boy immediately came down to look for him; but although they very nearly trod on him, they could not see him. If the Tin-soldier had but called out 'Here I am!' they might easily have found him; but he thought it would not be becoming for him to cry out, as he was in uniform.

"It now began to rain; every drop fell heavier than the last; there was a regular shower. When it was over, two boys came by.

"'Look,' said one, 'here is a Tin-soldier, he shall have a sail for once in his life.'

"So they made a boat out of an old newspaper, put the Tin-soldier into it, and away he sailed down the gutter, both the boys running along by the side and clapping their hands. The paper-boat rocked to and fro, and every now and then veered round so quickly that the Tin-soldier became quite giddy; still he moved not a muscle, looked straight before him, and held his bayonet tightly clasped.

"All at once the boat sailed under a long gutter-board, he found it as dark here as at home in his own box.

"'Where shall I get to next?' thought he; 'yes, to be sure, it is all that Conjuror's doing! Ah, if the little maiden were but sailing with me in the boat, I would not care for its being twice as dark!'

"Just then a great water-rat, that lived under the gutterboard, darted out.

"'Have you a passport?' asked the Rat. 'Where is your passport?'

"But the Tin-soldier was silent, and held his weapon with a still firmer grasp. The boat sailed on, and the Rat followed. Oh! how furiously he showed his teeth, and cried out to sticks and straws, 'Stop him, stop him! he has not paid the toll; he has not shown his passport!' But the stream grew stronger and stronger. The Tin-soldier could already catch a glimpse of the bright day-light before the boat came from under the tunnel, but at the same time he heard a roaring noise, at which the boldest heart might well have trembled. Only fancy! where the tunnel ended, the water of the gutter fell perpendicularly into a great canal; this was as dangerous for the Tin-soldier as sailing down a mighty waterfall would be for us.

"He was now so close that he could no longer stand upright; the boat darted forwards, the poor Tin-soldier held himself as stiff and immoveable as possible, no one could accuse him of having even blinked. The boat spun round and round, three, nay, four times, and was filled with water to the brim; it must sink. The Tin-soldier stood up to his neck in water, deeper and deeper sank the boat, softer and softer grew the paper; the water went over the soldier's head—he thought of the pretty little dancer whom he should never see again, and these words rang in his ears:

"'While adventure, mortal danger
Be thy portion, valiant stranger!'

The paper now tore asunder, the Tin soldier fell through the rent; but in the same moment he was swallowed up by a large fish.

"Oh, how dark it was! worse even than under the gutterboard, and so narrow too!—but the Tin-soldier's resolution was as constant as ever, there he lay, at full length, shouldering his arms.

"The fish turned and twisted about, and made the strangest movements! at last he became quite still; a flash of lightning, as it were, darted through him. The daylight shone brightly, and some one exclaimed, 'Tin-soldier!' The fish had been caught, taken to the market, sold, and brought home into kitchen, where the servant-girl was cutting him up with a large knife. She seized the Tin-soldier by the middle with two of her fingers, and took him into the parlour, where every one was eager to see the wonderful man who had travelled in the maw of a fish; however, our little warrior was by no means proud. They set him on the table, and there—no, how could anything so extraordinary happen in this world!—the Tin-soldier was in the very same room in which he had been before, he saw the same children, the same playthings stood on the table, among them the beautiful castle with the pretty little dancing maiden, who was still standing upon one leg, whilst she held the other high in the air; she too was constant. It quite affected the Tin-soldier, he could have found it in his heart to weep tin tears, but such weakness would have been unbecoming in a soldier. He looked at her and she looked at him, but neither spoke a word.

"And now one of the little boys took the soldier and threw him without ceremony into the stove. He did not give any reason for so doing, but no doubt the Conjuror in the snuff-box must have had a hand in it.

"The tin-soldier now stood in a blaze of red light; he felt extremely hot, whether this heat were the result of the actual fire, or of the flames of love within him, he knew not. He had entirely lost his colour; whether this change had happened during his travels, or were the effect of strong emotion, I know not. He looked upon the little damsel, she looked upon him, and he felt that he was melting; but, constant as ever, he still stood shouldering his arms. A door opened, the wind seized the dancer, and, like a sylph, she flew straightway into the stove, to the Tin-soldier—they both flamed up into a blaze—and were gone. The soldier was melted to a hard lump, and when the maid took the ashes out the next day, she found his remains in the shape of a little tin heart; of the Dancer there remained only the gold wing, and that was burnt black as a coal."

TURNER, THE PAINTER.

"THE great secret of Turner's fame was his constant recourse to nature, and his wonderful activity and power of memory, coupled with great natural genius and indifference to praise. His religious study of nature was such, that he would walk through portions of England, twenty or twenty-five miles a day, with his little modicum of baggage at the end of a stick, sketching rapidly on his way all good pieces of composition, and marking effects with a power that daguerrotyped them to his mind with unerring truth at the happiest moment. There were few moving phenomena in clouds or shadows which he did not fix indelibly in his memory, though he might not call them into requisition for years afterwards. Turner's ideality of observation was prodigious, and his mind was always intent upon the work of his profession. He could not walk London streets without seeing effects of light and shade and composition, whether in the smoke issuing from a chimney-pot, or in the shadows on a brick wall, without storing them in his memory for use at any time when needed. Frequently on looking at another artist's landscape, all the details of the scene would rush to his recollection, and he would good-humouredly criticise any exaggeration for effect. 'Now, those trees,' he would say, 'are not in that corner: they are there.' He saw beauties in things and groups of things that nobody else could see, and painted pictures of them. He frequently started off to the continent, nobody knew when and nobody knew where, until the result of his labours came forth to illustrate some costly book: now to France, now to Venice, and not unfrequently painted his views in oil on the spot. His pencil was always in requisition. An intimate friend, while travelling in the Jura, came to an inn where Turner had only just before entered his name in the visiting book. Anxious to be sure of his identity, and to be in pursuit of him, he inquired of the host what sort of a man his last visitor was. 'A rough clumsy man,' was the reply, 'and you may know him by his always having a pencil in his hand.' Nature was his inspiration in the fullest sense of the word. He never copied any one, except by way of experiment, and so original and unapproachable was his style that no one could copy him. He once painted an 'Interior of a Blacksmith's Shop,' in imitation of Wilkie, which he retained in his possession; and there are two pictures at Potsworth painted by him in imitation of Watteau. He also exhibited a picture in 1828, 'Boccaccio relating the Tale of the Bird-cage,' in imitation for Stothard, for whose works he had the profoundest admiration. 'I only wish,' said Turner to one of the Academy professors, 'he thought as much of my works as I think of his. I consider him the Giotto of the English school.' No artist ever applied himself more closely to his profession than Turner. He rose mostly with the sun, and entered little into society. He never allowed any one to go into his studio, not even his oldest friends and patrons; and when any of his pictures appeared on the walls of the Acadamy, no one knew on account of his extreme reserve, when they had been painted. Few were intimate with him, and few even knew him. Once, upon being told that an eminent publisher had boasted of having obtained admission to his studio, 'How could you be such a fool as to believe it?' replied Turner, in his usual abrupt manner. And his reserve in this respect was responded to by a most faithful servant, who had lived fifty-two years with him, to the day of his death. Turner was, perhaps, most intimate with Chantrey, from the circumstance of their having a kindred taste in sport as well as in art. They were both fond of fishing, and would angle together for hours. This was Turner's chief source of relaxation. On the occasion of a professional visit to Petworth, it was remarked to Lord Egremont, 'Turner is going to leave without having done anything; instead of painting he does nothing but fish!' To the surprise of his patron he produced, as he was on the point of leaving, two or three wonderful pictures, painted with the utmost reserve during early morning before the family were up. With a few more examples of Turner's reserved and abrupt manners, we must bring our hurried memoir for this week to a close. His conversation was uprightly, but desultory and disjointed. Like his works, it was eminently sketchy. He would converse in this manner for half an hour, and then be amused at finding his companion in doubt of what he had been talking about. He either never knew or never would tell his birthday. One who was his fellow-student at the Academy, and his companion from boyhood, once said to him, 'William, your birthday can't be far off, when is it? I want to drink a glass of wine to my old friend.' 'Ah!' growled Turner, 'never mind that; leave your old friend alone.' He was never married, and had no relations excepting two or three cousins, to whom, probably, it never occurred to ascertain the day of his birth. He wrote few letters, and these were, like his conversation, abrupt, and referred little to art."—*London Literary Gazette.*

MARBLEHEAD IN 1780.

"AMONG the inhabitants of the town were many peculiar characters, of whom my father used to relate anecdotes and to describe as ready made for the hands of the novelist. Among them was an eccentric and perverse man of secluded habits, of considerable study, and of great natural sagacity, whom the townsfolk nicknamed Uncle Dimond. Scarcely any of the humbler people in Marblehead had a doubt that he was 'in league with the devil,' as they expressed it—such being the natural mode in which a people so simple, ignorant, and superstitious, explained a combination of eccentricity and information—and numberless are the stories which I have heard told to prove his supernatural powers.

"In Marblehead, words and names
'Suffered a sea change
Into something rich and strange.'

Those who knew my father will remember to have heard him speak of 'Skipper Flurry,' 'Old Boy Trash,'